THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XV. R. BONNER, { EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1859. TERMS, { $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 2.

TO SUE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis very sweet to sit and gaze, dear girl,
On thy fair face,
As glowing as a crimson-shaded pearl
Or lighted vase.
Young beauty brightens like an Eden-dream,
On thy pure cheek,
And joy and love from every feature seem
To breathe and speak.

I love to kneel in worship to the Sprite
In thy dark eyes,
Dark as the fabled Stygian stream, and bright
As Paradise.
Not oft the radiance of such eyes is given
To light our way;
And oh, to me there's not a star in heaven
So bright as they.

I've known thee but a few brief days, and yet
Thou wilt remain
An image of undying beauty set
On heart and brain.
Each thought, each dream of thee, fair girl, will seem,
Mid toil and strife,
A pure white lily swaying on the stream
Of this dark life.

The months will pass, the flowers will soon be bright
On plain and hill,
And the young birds with voices of delight
The woodlands fill;
Oh in that fairy season thou shalt be—
Mid budding bowers—
My heart's young May-queen, and I'll twine for thee
The heart's wild flowers.

May fortune's richest gifts be hourly strewn
Around thy feet;
May every sound that greets thee be a tone
Of music sweet.
May every blessing rest upon thy heart
Like morning dew,
And no sad tear e'er from thy eyelids start,
My gentle Sue.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

GABRIEL LE NOIR.

> Naught's had! all's spent!
> When our desires are gained without content.
> SHAKESPEARE.

"The colonel!" exclaimed the three men in a breath, as the door opened and a tall, handsome and distinguished looking gentleman, wrapped in a black military cloak and having his black beaver pulled low over his brow, strode into the room.

All arose upon their feet to greet him as though he had been a prince.

With a haughty waive of the hand, he bade them resume their seats, and beckoning their leader, said—

"Donald! I would have a word with you!"

"At your command, colonel!" said the outlaw, rising and taking a candle and leading the way into the adjoining room, the same in which fourteen years before old Granny Grewell and the child had been detained.

Setting the candle upon the mantel-piece, Black Donald stood waiting for the visitor to open the conversation; a thing that the latter seemed in no hurry to do, for he began walking up and down the room in stern silence.

"You seem disturbed, colonel," at length said the outlaw.

"I *am* disturbed—*more* than disturbed! I am suffering!"

"*Suffering*, Colonel?"

"Aye!—suffering!—from what think you?—the pangs of remorse!"

"Remorse! ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" laughed the outlaw till all the rafters rang.

"Aye man, you may laugh! but I repeat that I am tortured with remorse!—and for what do you suppose?—for those acts of self-preservation that fanatics and fools would stigmatize as crimes? No, my good fellow! no! but for one 'unacted crime!'

"I told your honor so!" cried the outlaw, triumphantly.

"Donald! when I go to church, as I do constantly, I hear the preacher prating of repentance; but man, I never knew the meaning of the word until recently!"

"And I can almost guess what it is that has enlightened your honor!" said the outlaw.

"Yes! it is that miserable old woman and babe!—Donald! in every vein of my soul, I repent not having silenced them both forever while they were yet in my power!"

"Just so, Colonel; the dead never come back! or if they do, are not recognized as property holders in this world! I wish your honor had taken my advice, and sent that woman and child on a longer journey."

"Donald!—I was younger then than now! I—*shrank from bloodshed*," said the man in a husky voice.

"Bah! superstition!—bloodshed! blood is shed every day! 'We kill to live,' say the butchers! *So do we.* Every creature preys upon some other creature weaker than himself!—the big beasts eat up the little ones! artful men live on the simple! so be it! the world was made for the strong and cunning! let the weak and foolish look to themselves!" said the outlaw, with a loud laugh.

While he spoke, the visitor resumed his rapid, restless striding up and down the room. Presently he came again to the side of the robber, and whispered—

"Donald—that girl has returned to the neighborhood, brought back by old Warfield. My son met her in the woods a month ago, fell into conversation with her—heard her history, or as much of it as she herself knows. Her name is Capitola! she is the living image of her mother! How she came under the notice of old Warfield—to what extent he is acquainted with her birth and rights—what proofs may be in his possession I know not. All that I have discovered after the strictest inquiry that I was enabled to make, is this—that the old beggar woman that died and was buried at Major Warfield's expense, was no other than Nancy Grewell, returned,—that the night before she died she sent for Major Warfield and had a long talk with him, and that shortly afterwards the old scoundrel traveled to the north and brought home this girl!"

"Humph! it is an ugly business, your honor! especially with your honor's little prejudice against——"

"Donald! this is no time for weakness! I have gone too far to stop!—*Capitola must die.*"

"That's so, Colonel; the pity is, that it wasn't found out fourteen years ago. It is so much easier to pinch a baby's nose until it falls asleep, than to stifle a young girl's shrieks and cries! then the baby would not have been missed; but the young girl will be sure to be inquired after."

"I know that there will be additional risk; but there shall be the larger compensation, larger than your most sanguine hopes would suggest. Donald! listen!" said the colonel, stooping and whispering low—"the day that you bring me undeniable proof that Capitola Le Noir is dead, you finger one thousand dollars!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the outlaw, in angry scorn—"Capitola Le Noir is the sole heiress of a fortune—in land, negroes, coal-mines, iron-foundries, railway shares and bank stock of half a million of dollars—and you ask me to get her out of your way for a thousand dollars!—I'll do it! you know I will! ha-ha-ha!"

"Why, the government doesn't value your whole carcass at more than I offer you for the temporary use of your hands, you villain!" frowned the colonel.

"No ill names, your honor! between *us* they are like kicking guns—apt to recoil!"

"You forget that you are in my power!"

"I remember that your honor is in mine! Ha-ha-ha! The day Black Donald stands at the bar—the honorable Colonel Le Noir will probably be beside him."

"Enough of this! Confound you, do you take me for one of your pals?"

"No, your worship! my pals are too poor to hire their work done; but then they are brave enough to do it themselves."

"Enough of this, I say! Name the price of this new service!"

"Ten thousand dollars—five thousand in advance—the remainder when the deed is accomplished."

"Extortioner!—shameless, ruthless extortioner!"

"Your honor *will* fall into that vulgar habit of calling ill names!—it isn't worth while; it doesn't pay. If your honor doesn't like my terms you needn't employ me; what is certain is, that I cannot work for less."

"You take advantage of my necessities."

"Not at all; but the truth is, Colonel, that I am tired of this sort of life, and wish to retire from active business. Besides, every man has his ambition, and I have mine. I wish to emigrate to the glorious West, settle, marry, turn my attention to politics, be elected to Congress, then to the Senate, then to the Cabinet, then to the White House; for success in which career, I flatter myself nature and education have especially fitted me. Ten thousand dollars will give me a fair start! Many a successful politician, your honor *knows*, has started on less character and less capital!"

To this impudent slander the colonel made no answer; with his arms folded and his head bowed upon his chest he walked moodily up and down the length of the apartment; then muttering—"Why should I hesitate?" he came to the side of the outlaw, and said—

"I agree to your terms; accomplish the work, and the sum shall be yours. Meet me here on to-morrow evening to receive the earnest money. In the meantime, in order to make sure of the girl's identity, it will be necessary for you to get sight of her beforehand, at her home, if possible; find out her habits and her haunts—where she walks, or rides—when she is most likely to be alone, and so on. Be very careful! A mistake might be fatal."

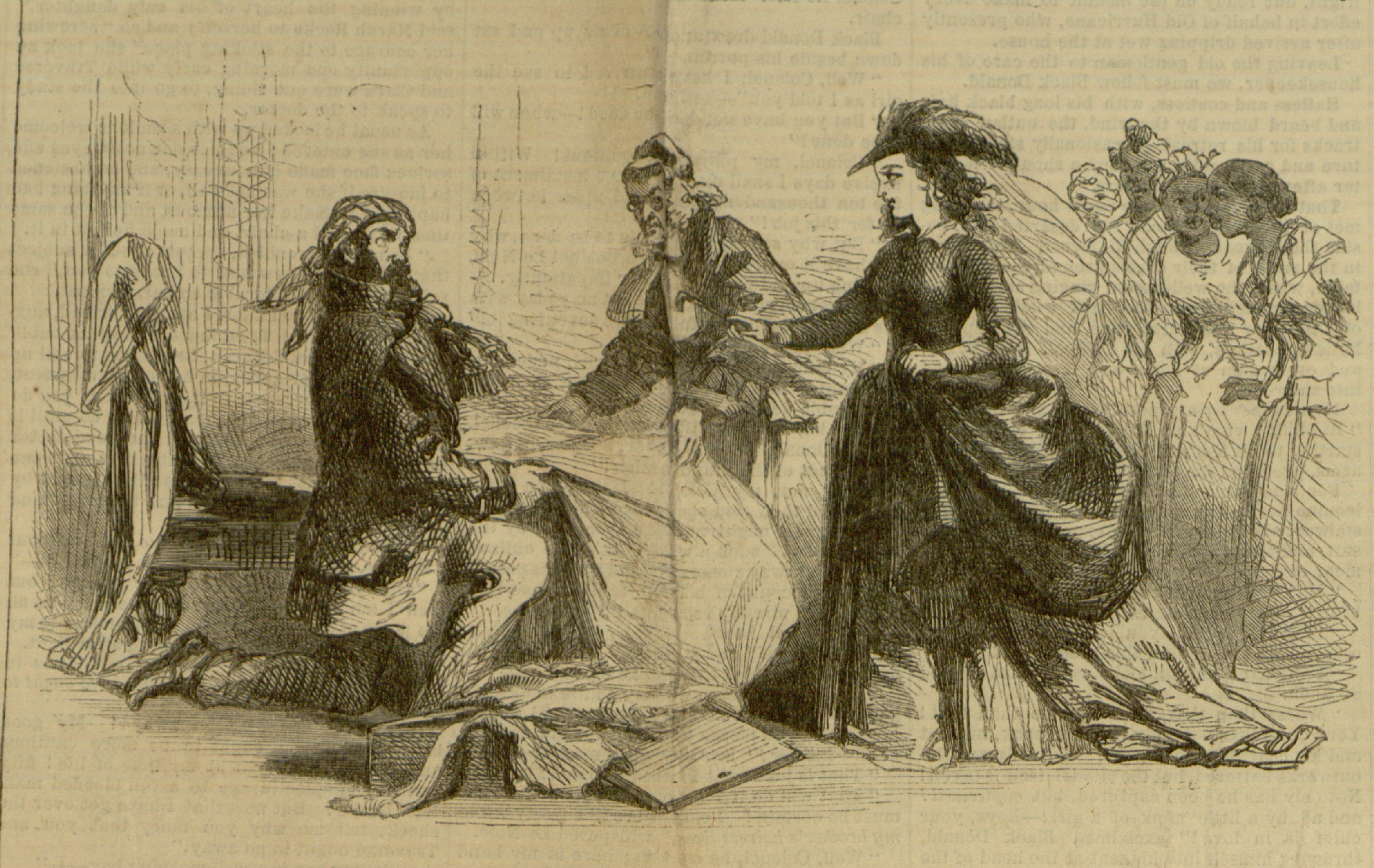
"Your honor may trust me."

"And now good-bye; remember, to-morrow evening," said the colonel, as, wrapping himself closely in his dark cloak, and pulling his hat low over his eyes, he passed out by the back passage-door, and left the house.

"Ha-ha-ha! Why does that man think it needful to *look* so villainous? If *I* were to go about in such a bandit-like dress as *that*, every child I met would take me for—what I am!" laughed Black Donald, returning to his comrades.

During the [illegible] other members of the band dropped in, until some twenty men were collected together in the large kitchen around the long table, where the remainder of the night was spent in revelry.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE PEDDLING SAILOR AT HURRICANE HALL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SMUGGLER AND CAPITOLA.

> Come buy of me! come buy! come buy!
> Buy, lads, or else the lasses cry;
> I have lawns as white as snow;
> Silk as black as e'er was crow;
> Gloves as sweet as damask roses
> Veils for faces; musk for noses;
> Pins and needles made of steel;
> All you need from head to heel.
> SHAKESPEARE.

"If I am not allowed to walk or ride out alone, I shall 'gang daft!' I know I shall! Was ever such a dull, lonesome, hum-drum place as this same Hurricane Hall?" complained Cap., as she sat sewing with Mrs. Condiment in the housekeeper's room.

"You don't like this quiet country life?" inquired Mrs. Condiment.

"No! no better than I do a quiet country grave-yard! I don't want to return to dust before my time, I tell you!" said Cap., yawning dismally over her work.

"I HEAR YOU, VIXEN!" roared the voice of Old Hurricane, who presently came storming in and saying—

"If you want a ride go and get ready quickly, and come with me; I am going down to the water-mill, please the Lord, to warn Hopkins off the premises, worthless villain! had my grain there since yesterday morning, and hasn't sent it home yet! shan't stay in my mill another month!—Come, Cap.! be off with you and get ready!"

The girl did not need a second bidding, but flew to prepare herself, while the old man ordered the horses.

In ten minutes more Capitola and Major Warfield cantered away.

They had been gone about two hours, and it was almost time to expect their return, and Mrs. Condiment had just given orders for the tea-table to be set, when Wool came into her room and said there was a sailor at the hall-door with some beautiful foreign goods which he wished to show to the ladies of the house.

"A sailor, Wool? a sailor with foreign goods for sale? I am *very* much afraid he's one of these smugglers I've heard tell of! and I'm not sure about the right of buying from smugglers! However, I suppose there's no harm in looking at his goods. You may call him in, Wool," said the old lady, tampering with temptation.

"He *do* look like a smudgeler, dat's a fact," said Wool, whose ideas of the said craft were purely imaginary.

"I don't know him to be a smuggler, and its wrong to judge; particularly beforehand!" said the old lady, nursing ideas of rich silks and satins, imported free of duty and sold at half price, and trying to deceive herself.

While she was thus thinking, the door opened and Wool ushered in a stout, jolly-looking tar, dressed in a wide pea-jacket, duck trowsers and tarpaulin hat, and carrying in his hand a large pack. He took off his hat and scraped his foot behind him, and remained standing before the housekeeper with his head tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief, and his chin sunken in a red comforter that was wound around his throat.

"Sit down, my good man, and rest while you show me the goods," said Mrs. Condiment, who, whether he were smuggler or not, was inclined to show the traveler all lawful kindness.

The sailor scraped his foot again, sat down on a low chair, put his hat on one side, drew the pack before him, untied it, and first displayed a rich golden-hued fabric, saying:

"Now here, ma'am, is a rich China silk, I bought in the streets of Shanghai, where the long-legged chickens come from; come, now, I'll ship it off, cheap——"

"Oh, that is a great deal too gay and handsome for an old woman like me," said Mrs. Condiment.

"Well, ma'am, perhaps there's young ladies in the fleet? Now this would rig out a smart young craft as gay as a clipper! Better take it, ma'am! I'll ship it off, cheap!"

"Wool!" said Mrs. Condiment, turning to the servant, "go down to the kitchen, and call up the house-servants; perhaps they would like to buy something."

As soon as Wool had gone, and the good woman was left alone with the sailor, she stooped and said—

"I did not wish to inquire before the servant man, but, my good sir, I do not know whether it is right to buy from you!"

"Why so, ma'am?" asked the sailor, with an injured look.

"Why, I am afraid—I am *very* much afraid you risk your life and liberty in an unlawful trade!"

"Oh, ma'am, on my soul these things are honestly come by, and you have no right to accuse me!" said the sailor, with a look of subdued indignation.

"I know I haven't, and I meant no harm; but did these goods pass through the custom house?"

"Oh, ma'am, now, that's not a fair question!"

"It is as I suspected! I cannot buy from you, my good friend; I do not judge you; I don't know whether smuggling is right or wrong; but I know that it is unlawful, and I cannot feel free to encourage any man in a traffic in which he risks his life and liberty, poor fellow!"

"Oh, ma'am," said the sailor, evidently on the brink of bursting into laughter—"if we risk our lives, sure it's our own business, and if you've no scruples on your *own* account, you needn't have any on *ours!*"

While he was speaking the sound of many shuffling feet was heard along the passage, and the room was soon half filled with colored people come in to deal with the sailor.

"You may *look* at these goods; but you must not buy anything."

"Lor missus, why?" asked little Pitapat.

"Because I want you to lay out all your money with my friend Mr. Crash at Tip-Top."

"But after de good gemman has had de trouble?" said Pitapat.

"He shall have his supper and a mug of ale and go on his journey," said Mrs. Condiment.

The sailor arose and scraped his foot behind him in acknowledgment of this kindness, and began to unpack his wares and display them all over the floor.

And while the servants in wonder and delight examined these treasures and inquired their prices, a fresh, young voice was heard carolling along the hall, and the next moment Capitola, in her green riding habit and hat entered the room.

She turned her mischievous gray-eyes about, pursed up her lips, and asked Mrs. Condiment if she were about to open a fancy bazaar.

"No, my dear Miss Capitola! It is a sailor with foreign goods for sale," answered the old lady.

"A sailor with foreign goods for sale! umph! yes! I know. Isn't he a smuggler?" whispered Capitola.

"Indeed, I'm afraid so, my dear! in fact he don't deny it!" whispered back the matron.

"Well *I* think it's strange a man that smuggles can't lie!"

"Well I don't know, my dear, may be he thinks it's no harm to smuggle, and he *knows* it would be a sin to lie. But where is your uncle, Miss Capitola?"

"Gone around to the stable to blow Jem up, for mounting on a lame horse; he swears Jem shall find another master before to-morrow's sun sets. But now I want to talk to that bold buccaneer.—Say, your sir! Show me your foreign goods; I'm very fond of smugglers myself!"

"You are right my dear young lady! *You* would give poor sailors some little chance to turn an honest penny!"

"Certainly! brave fellows! Show me that splendid fabric that shines like cloth of gold."

"This my young lady, this is a real, genuine China silk; I bought it myself in my last cruize in the streets of Shanghai, where the long legged chickens——"

"And fast young men come from! I know the place! I've been all along there!" interrupted Capitola, her gray eyes glittering with mischief.

"This you will perceive, young lady, is an article that cannot be purchased anywhere except——"

"From the manufactory of foreign goods in the city of New York, or from their traveling agents!"

"Oh, my dear young lady, how you wrong me! this article came from——"

"The factory of Messrs. Hocus & Pocus, corner of Cant and Come-it street, city of Gotham!"

"Oh, my dear young lady——"

"Look here, my brave buccaneer, I know all about it! I told you I'd been along there!" said the girl, and turning to Mrs. Condiment, she said—"See here, my dear, good soul, if you want to buy that 'India' silk that you are looking at so longingly, you may do it with a safe conscience! True, it never passed through the custom house—because it was made in New York. I know all about it! *all* these 'foreign goods' are manufactured at the north and sent by agents all over the country. These agents dress and talk like sailors and assume a mysterious manner on purpose to be suspected of smuggling—because they know well enough fine ladies will buy much quicker and pay much more, if they only fancy they are cheating uncle Sam, in buying foreign goods from a smuggler at half price."

"So, then, you are not a smuggler, after all!" said Mrs. Condiment, looking almost regretfully at the sailor.

"Why, ma'am, you know I told you you were accusing me wrongfully."

"Well, but really, now, there was something about you that looked sort of suspicious."

"What did I tell you? a look put on on purpose," said Cap.

"Well—he knows that if he wanted to pass for a smuggler, it didn't take *here*," said Mrs. Condiment.

"No—*that* it didn't!" muttered the object of these commentaries.

"Well, my good man, since you are, after all, an honest peddler, just hand me that silk, and don't ask me an unreasonable price for it, because I'm a judge of silks, and I won't pay more than it is worth," said the old lady.

"Madam, I leave it to your own conscience! You shall give me just what you think it's worth."

"Humph! that's *too* fair by half! I begin to think this fellow is worse than he seems!" said Capitola to herself.

After a little hesitation a price was agreed upon, and the dress bought.

Then the servants received permission to invest their little change in ribbons, handkerchiefs, tobacco, snuff, or whatever they thought they needed. When the purchases were all made and the peddler had done up his diminished pack, and replaced his hat upon his head and was preparing to leave, Mrs. Condiment said—

"My good man, it is getting very late, and we do not like to see a traveler leave our house at this hour; pray remain until morning, and then, after an early breakfast, you can pursue your way in safety."

"Thank you, kindly, ma'am, but I must be far on my road to-night," said the peddler.

"But, my good man, you are a stranger in this part of the country, and don't know the danger you run," said the house-keeper.

"Danger, ma'am, in this quiet country!"

"Oh, dear, yes, my good man, particularly with your valuable pack——Oh, my good gracious!" cried the old lady, with an appalled look.

"Indeed, ma'am, you—you make me sort of uneasy! What danger can there be for a poor, peaceful peddler pursuing his path?"

"Oh, my good soul, may Heaven keep you from—BLACK DONALD!"

"Black Donald—who's he!"

"Oh, my good man, he's the awfullest villain that ever went unhung!"

"Black Donald? Black Donald? never heard that name before in my life! Why is the fellow called *Black* Donald?"

"Oh, sir, he's called Black Donald for his black soul, black deeds, and—and—also, I believe, for his jet black hair and beard."

"'Oh, my countrymen, what a falling *up* was there,'" exclaimed Capitola, at this anti-climax.

"And how shall I keep from meeting this villain?" asked the peddler.

"Oh, sir, how can I tell you? You never can form an idea where he is or where he isn't! Only think, he may be in our very midst any time, and we not know it! Why, only yesterday the desperate villain handcuffed the very sheriff in the very courtyard! Yet I wonder the sheriff did not know him at once! For my own part, I'm sure *I* should know Black Donald the minute I clapped my two looking eyes on him!"

"Should you, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed, by his long, black hair and beard! They say it is a half a yard long! now a man of such a singular appearance as *that* must be easily recognized!"

"Of course! Then you never met this wretch face to face?"

"Me! *me!* am I standing here alive? Do you suppose I should be standing here if ever I had met that demon? Why, man, I never leave this house, even in the day-time, except with two bulldogs and a servant, for fear I should meet Black Donald! I know if ever I should meet that demon, I should drop dead with terror! I feel I should!"

"But maybe, now, ma'am, the man may not be so bad, after all! Even the devil is not so black as he is painted."

"The devil may *not* be, but Black Donald *is!*"

"What do *you* think of this outlaw, young lady?" asked the peddler, turning to Capitola.

"Why, *I like* him!" said Cap.

"You do!"

"Yes, I *do!* I like men whose very names strike terror into the hearts of commonplace people!"

"Oh, Miss Black!" exclaimed Mrs. Condiment.

"Yes, I *do*, ma'am. And if Black Donald were only as honest as he is brave, I should quite *adore* him! so there! And if there is one person in the world I long to see, it is Black Donald!"

"Do you *really* wish to see him?" asked the peddler, looking intently into the half earnest, half satirical face of the girl.

"Yes, I *do* wish to see him above all things!"

"And do you know what happened the rash girl who wished to see the devil?"

"No—what did?"

"*She saw him!*"

"Oh, if that's all, I dare it! and if wishing will bring me the sight of this notorious outlaw, lo! I wish it! I wish to see Black Donald!" said Capitola.

The peddler deliberately arose and put down his pack and his hat; then he suddenly tore off the scarf from his neck and the handkerchief from his head, lifted his chin, and shook loose a great, rolling mass of black hair and beard; drew himself up, struck an attitude, called up a look, and exclaimed—

"Behold Black Donald!"

With a piercing shriek, Mrs. Condiment swooned and fell to the floor; the poor negroes, men and maids, were struck dumb and motionless with consternation; Capitola gazed for one lost moment in admiration and curiosity; in the meantime Black Donald quickly resumed his disguises, took up his pack and walked out of the room.

Capitola was the first to recover her presence of mind; the instinct of the huntress possessed her; starting forward, she exclaimed—

"Pursue him! catch him! come with me! Cowards! will you let a robber and murderer escape!" and she ran out and overtook the outlaw in the middle of the hall. With the agile leap of a little terrier she sprang up behind him, seized the thick collar of his pea-jacket with both hands, and drawing up her feet, hung there with all her weight, crying—

"Help! murder! murder! help! Come to my aid! I've caught Black Donald!"

He could have killed her instantly in any one of a dozen ways! he could have driven in her temples with a blow of his sledge-hammer fist; he could have broken her neck with the grip of his iron fingers; he only wished to shake her off without hurting her—a difficult task, for there she hung, a dead weight, at the collar of his coat at the back of his neck.

"Oh, very well!" he cried, laughing aloud! "Such adhesiveness I never saw! you stick to me like a wife to her husband. So if you wont let go, I shall have to take you along that's all! So here I go like Christian with his bundle of sin on his back."

And loosing the upper button of his pea-jacket so as to give him more breath, and putting down his pedlar's pack to relieve himself as much as possible, the outlaw strode through the hall-door, down the steps, and down the evergreen-avenue leading to the woods.

Capitola still clinging to the back of his coat-collar, with her feet drawn up, a dead weight, and still crying—

"Help! murder! I've caught Black Donald, and I'll *die* before I'll let him go!"

"You're determined to be an outlaw's bride, that's certain! Well, I've no particular objection!" cried Black Donald, roaring with laughter as he strode on.

It was 'a thing to see, not hear'—that brave, rash, resolute imp clinging like a terrier, or a crab or a briar, on to the back of that gigantic ruffian, whom, if she had no strength to stop, she was determined not to release.

They had nearly reached the foot of the descent, when a great noise and hallooing was heard behind them. It was the negroes, who, having recovered from their panic, and armed themselves with guns, pistols, swords, pokers, tongs, and pitch-forks, were now in hot pursuit!

And cries of Black Donald! Black Donald! Black Donald! filled the air.

"*I've got him! I've got him!* help! help! quick! quick!" screamed Capitola, clinging closer than ever.

Though still roaring with laughter at the absurdity of his position, Black Donald strode on faster than before, and was in a fair way of escape, when lo! suddenly coming up the path in front of him, he met—

OLD HURRICANE!!!

As the troop of miscellaneously armed negroes running down the hill were still making eve "hideous" with yells of "Black Donald!" "Black Donald!" and Capitola still clinging and hanging on at the back of his neck, continued to cry—"I've caught him! I've caught him! help! help!"—something like the truth flashed in a blinding way upon Old Hurricane's perceptions.

Roaring forth something between a recognition and a defiance, the old man threw up his fat arms, and as fast as age and obesity would permit, ran up the hill to intercept the outlaw.

There was no time for trifling now! The army of negroes was at his heels; the old veteran in his path; the girl clinging a dead weight to his jacket behind. An idea suddenly struck him which he wondered had not done so before—quickly unbuttoning and throwing off his garment he dropped both jacket and captor behind him on the ground.

And before Capitola had picked herself up, Black Donald, bending his huge head and shoulders forward and making a battering ram of himself, ran with all his force and butted old Hurricane in the stomach, pitching him into the horse pond, leaped over the park fence and disappeared in the forest!

What a scene! what a row, followed the escape and flight of the famous outlaw!

Who could imagine, far less describe it!—a general tempest in which every individual was a particular storm!

There stood the baffled Capitola, extricating her head from the pea-jacket, and with her eyes fairly flashing out *sparks* of anger, exclaiming—"Oh wretches! wretches that you are! if you'd been worth *salt* you could have caught him while I clung to him so!"

There wallowed Old Hurricane, spluttering, floundering, half drowning, in the horse pond, making the most frantic efforts to curse and swear as he struggled to get out.

There stood the crowd of negroes brought to a sudden stand by a panic of horror at seeing the dignity of their master so outraged!

And most phrenzied of all, there ran Wool around and around the margin of the pond, in a state of violent perplexity how to get his master out without half drowning himself!

"*Blurr-urr-rr! flitch! flitch! Blurr-ur!*" spluttered and sneezed and strangled, Old Hurricane, as he floundered to the edge of the pond—*Blurr-urr-rr!* Help me out you scoundrel! I'll break every bone in your—*flitch!*—body! Do you hear me—*ca-snish!*—villian you! *flitch! flitch! ca-snish! oh-h!*"

Wool, with his eyes starting from his head and his hair standing up with terrors of all sorts, plunged at last into the water and pulled his old master up upon his feet

"*Ca-snish! ca-snish! blurr-rr! flitch!*—what are you gaping there for as if you'd raised the devil, you crowd of born fools!" bawled Old Hurricane, as soon as he could get the water out of his mouth and nose—"what are you standing there for!—after him! after him, I say! scour the woods in every direction! His freedom to any man who brings me Black Donald dead or alive!—Wool!"

"Yes, sir," said that functuary, who was busying himself with squeezing the water out of his master's garments.

"Wool, let me alone! take the fleetest horse in the stable! ride for your life to the Court House! Tell Keepe to have new bills posted everywhere, offering an additional five hundred dollars for the apprehension of that—that—that"—for the want of a word strong enough to express himself, Old Hurricane suddenly stopped, and for lack of his stick to make silence emphatic, he seized his gray hair with both hands and groaned aloud!

Wool waited no second bidding, but flew to do his errand.

Capitola came to the old man's side, saying—"Uncle, hadn't you better hurry home—you'll take cold."

"Cold?—*Cold!* demmy! I never was so hot in my life!" cried the old man; "but demmy! you're right! run to the house, Capitola, and tell Mrs. Condiment to have me a full suit of dry clothes before the fire in my chamber. Go, child! every man-jack is off after Black Donald, and there is nobody but you, and Condiment, and the housemaids to take care of me. Stop! look for my stick first; where did that black demon throw it?—demmy! I'd as well be without my legs!"

Capitola picked up the old man's cane and hat, and put the one on his head and the other in his hand, and then hastened to find Mrs. Condiment and tell her to prepare to receive her half-drowned patron. She found the old lady scarcely recovered from the effects of her recent fright, but ready on the instant to make every effort in behalf of Old Hurricane, who presently after arrived dripping wet at the house.

Leaving the old gentleman to the care of his housekeeper, we must follow Black Donald.

Hatless and coatless, with his long black hair and beard blown by the wind, the outlaw made tracks for his retreat—occasionally stopping to turn and get breath, and send a shout of laughter after his baffled pursuers.

That same night, at the usual hour, the gang met at their rendezvous, the deserted inn, beside the old road through the forest. They were in the midst of their orgies around the supper-table, when the well-known ringing step of the leader sounded under the back windows without, the door was burst open, and the captain, hatless, coatless, with his dark elf locks flying, and every sign of haste and disorder, rushed into the room.

He was met by a general rising and outcry—"Hi! hillo! what's up?" exclaimed every man, starting to his feet and laying hands upon secret arms, prepared for instant resistance.

For a moment Black Donald stood with his leonine head turned and looking back over his stalwart shoulders, as if in expectation of pursuit, and then, with a loud laugh, turned to his men, exclaiming—

"Ho! you thought me followed! So I have been! but not as close as hound to heel!"

"In fact, Captain, you look as if you'd but escaped with your skin this time!" said Hal.

"Faith! the captain looks well peeled!" said Stephen.

"Worse than that, boys! worse than that! Your chief has not only lost his pack, his hat and his coat, but—his *heart!* Not only are the outworks battered, but the citadel itself is taken! Not only has he been captured, but *captivated!* and all by a little minx of a girl!—Boys, your chief is in love!" exclaimed Black Donald, throwing himself into his seat at the head of the table, and quaffing off a large draught of ale.

"Hip! hip! hurraw! three times three for the Captain's love!" cried Hal., rising to propose the toast, which was honored with enthusiasm.

"Now tell us all about it, Captain! Who is she? where did you see her? is she fair or dark; tall or short; thin or plump; what's her name, and is she kind?" asked Hal.

"First guess where I have been to-day!"

"You and your demon only know!"

"I guess they also know at Hurricane Hall, for it is there I have been!"

"Well, then, why didn't you go to perdition at once?" exclaimed Hal., in a consternation that was reflected in every countenance present.

"Why, because when I go *there* I intend to take you all with me and remain!" answered Black Donald.

"Tell us about the visit to Hurricane Hall," said Hal.

Whereupon Black Donald commenced, and concealing only the motive of his visit, gave his comrades a very graphic, spicy and highly colored narrative of his adventure at Hurricane Hall, and particularly of his "passages at arms" with the little witch, Capitola, whom he described as—

"*Such a girl!* slender, petite, lithe, with bright, black ringlets dancing around a little face full of fun, frolic, mischief and spirit, and bright eyes quick and vivacious as those of a monkey, darting hither and thither from object to object."

"The Captain *is* in love, sure enough," said Steve.

"Bravo! here's success to the Captain's love!—*She's* a brick!" shouted the men.

"Oh, she *is*," assented their chief, with enthusiasm.

"Long life to her! three times three for the pretty witch of Hurricane Hall!" roared the men, rising to their feet and waving their full mugs high in the air, before pledging the toast.

"*That* is all very well, boys; but I want more substantial compliments than words—*Boys! I must have that girl.*"

"Who doubts it, Captain?—of course you will take her at once if you want her," said Hal, confidently.

"But, I must have *help* in taking her."

"Captain! I volunteer for one!" exclaimed Hal.

"And I, for another," added Stephen.

"And *you*, Dick?" enquired the leader, turning towards the sullen man, whose greater atrocity had gained for him the name of Demon Dick.

"What is the use of volunteering when the captain has only to *command*," said this individual, sulkily.

"Ay! when the enterprize is simply the robbing of a mail-coach, in which you all have equal interest, then, indeed, your captain has only to command, and you to obey; but *this* is a more delicate matter of entering a lady's chamber and carrying her off for the captain's arms, and so should only be entrusted to those whose feelings of devotion to the captain's person prompt them to volunteer for the service," said Black Donald.

"How elegantly our captain speaks! he ought to be a lawyer," said Steve.

"The captain knows I'm with him for everything," said Dick, sulkily.

"Very well, then! for a personal service like this, a delicate service requiring devotion, I should scorn to give *commands!* I thank you for your offered assistance, my friends, and shall count on you three—Hal. Stephen and Richard for the enterprise!" said the captain.

"Ay! ay! ay!" said the three men, in a breath.

"For the time and place and manner of the seizure of the girl, we must reflect. Let us see! there is to be a fair in the village next week, during the session of the court. Old Hurricane will be at court as usual. And for one day, at least, his servants will have a holiday to go to the fair. They will not get home until the next morning. The house will be ill-guarded. We must find out the particular day and night when this shall be so. Then you three shall watch your opportunity, enter the house by stealth, conceal yourselves in the chamber of the girl, and at midnight, when all is quiet, gag her and bring her away."

"Excellent!" said Hal.

"And mind, no liberty, except the simple act of carrying her off, is to be taken with your Captain's prize!" said the leader, with a threatening glare of his lion-like eye.

"Oh, no! no! not for the world! she shall be as sacred from insult as though she were an angel and we saints!" said Hal. both the others assenting.

"And now, not a word more. We will arrange the further details of this business hereafter," said the captain, as a peculiar signal was given at the door.

Waiving his hand for the men to keep their places, Black Donald went out and opened the back passage door, admitting Colonel Le Noir.

"Well!" said the latter, anxiously.

"Well, sir, I have contrived to see her; come into the front room and I will tell you all about it!" said the outlaw, leading the way into the old parlor that had been the scene of so many of their conspiracies.

"*Does Capitola Le Noir still live?*" hoarsely demanded the colonel, as the two conspirators reached the parlor.

"Still live? yes; 'twas but yesterday we agreed upon her death! Give a man time! Sit down, Colonel! take this seat; we will talk the matter over again."

With something very like a sigh of relief, Colonel Le Noir threw himself into the offered chair.

Black Donald drew another chair up and sat down beside his patron.

"Well, Colonel, I have contrived to see the girl as I told you"—he began.

"But you have not done the deed!—when will it be done?"

"Colonel, my patron, be patient! Within twelve days I shall claim the last instalment of the ten thousand dollars agreed upon between us for this job!"

"But why so long? since it is to be done, why not have it over at once!" said Colonel Le Noir, starting up and pacing the floor impatiently.

"Patience, my Colonel! The cat may play with the mouse most delightfully before devouring it!"

"What do you mean?"

"My Colonel, I have seen the girl, under circumstances that has fired my heart with an uncontrolable desire for her——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" scornfully laughed the Colonel. "Black Donald the mail-robber, burglar, outlaw, the subject of the grand passion!"

"Why not, my Colonel? Listen, you shall hear! and then you shall judge whether or not you yourself might not have been fired by the fascinations of such a witch!" said the outlaw, who straightway commenced and gave his patron the same account of his visit to Hurricane Hall that he had already related to his comrades.

The Colonel heard the story with many a "pish," "tush" and "pshaw," and when the man had concluded the tale, he exclaimed—

"Is that all? Then we may continue our negotiations, *I* care not! Carry her off! marry her! do as you please with her! only at the end of all—*kill her!*" hoarsely whispered Le Noir.

"That is just what I intend, Colonel!"

"That will do if the event be certain; but it must be certain! I cannot breathe freely while *my brother's heiress lives*," whispered Le Noir.

"Well, Colonel, be content; here is my hand upon it! In six days Capitola will be in my power! In twelve days *you* shall be out of *hers!*"

"It is a bargain," said each of the conspirators, in a breath, as they shook hands and parted—Le Noir to his home, and Black Donald to join his comrades' revelry.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BOY [illegible] LOVE.

Endearing! endearing!
  Why so endearing,
Are those soft, shining eyes,
  Through their silk fringe peering!
They love thee! they love thee!
  Deeply, sincerely;
And more than aught else on earth
  Thou lovest them dearly! MOTHERWELL.

While these dark conspiracies were hatching elsewhere, all was comfort, peace and love in the doctor's quiet dwelling.

Under Marah Rocke's administration the business of the household went on with the regularity of clock-work. Every one felt the advantage of this improved condition.

The doctor often declared that for his part, he could not for the life of him think how they had ever been able to get along without Mrs. Rocke, and Traverse.

Clara affirmed that however the past might have been, the mother and son were a present and future necessity to the doctor's comfort and happiness.

The little woman herself gained rapidly both health and spirits and good looks. Under favorable circumstances, Marah Rocke, even at thirty-six, would have been esteemed a first-rate beauty; and even now she was pretty, graceful and attractive to a degree that she herself was far from suspecting.

Traverse advanced rapidly in his studies, to the ardent pursuit of which, he was urged by every generous motive that could fire a human bosom—affection for his mother, whose condition he was anxious to elevate; gratitude to his patron, whose great kindness he wished to justify, and admiration for Clara, whose esteem he was ambitious to secure.

He attended his patron in all his professional visits; for the doctor said that actual, experimental knowledge formed the most important part of a young medical student's education.

The mornings were usually passed in reading, in the library; the middle of the day in attending the doctor on his professional visits, and the evenings were passed in the drawing-room with the doctor, Clara, and Mrs. Rocke. And if the morning's occupation was the most earnest, and the day's the most active, the evening's relaxation with Clara and music and poetry was certainly the most delightful! In the midst of all this peace and prosperity a malady was creeping upon the boy's heart and brain, that, in his simplicity and inexperience, he could neither understand nor conquer.

Why was it that these evening fireside meetings with the doctor's lovely daughter, once such unalloyed delight, were now only a keenly pleasing pain? Why did his face burn and his heart beat and his voice falter when obliged to speak to her? Why could he no longer talk of her to his mother, or write of her to his friend Herbert Greyson? Above all, why had his favorite day dream of having his dear friends Herbert and Clara married together, grown so abhorrent as to sicken his very soul?

Traverse himself could not have answered these questions. In his ignorance of life he did not know that all his strong, ardent, earnest nature was tending towards the maiden by a power of attraction seated in the deepest principles of being and of destiny.

Clara in her simplicity did not suspect the truth; but tried in every innocent way to enliven the silent boy, and said that he worked too hard, and begged her father not to let him study too much.

Whereupon the doctor would laugh and bid her not be uneasy about Traverse—that the boy was all right and would do very well! Evidently the doctor, with all his knowledge of human nature, did not perceive that his protégé was in process of forming an unadvisable attachment to his daughter and heiress.

Mrs. Rocke, with her woman's tact and mother's forethought, saw all! She saw that in the honest heart of her poor boy, unconsciously there was growing up a strong, ardent, earnest passion for the lovely girl with whom he was thrown in such close, intimate, daily association, and who was certainly not indifferent in her feelings towards him; but whom he might never, never hope to possess.

She saw this daily growing, and trembled for the peace of both. She wondered at the blindness of the doctor who did not perceive what was so plain to her own vision. Daily she looked to see the eyes of the doctor open and some action taken upon the circumstances; but they did *not* open to the evil ahead, for the girl and boy! For morning after morning their hands would be together tying up the same vines, or clearing out the same flower bed; day after day at the doctor's orders Traverse attended Clara on her rides; night after night their blushing faces would be bent over the same sketch book, chess board, or music-sheet.

"Oh! if the doctor can not and will not see, what shall I do? what ought I to do?" said the conscientious little woman to herself, dreading above all things, and equally for her son and the doctor's daughter, the evils of an unhappy attachment, which she, with her peculiar temperament and experiences believed to be the worst of sorrows, a misfortune never to be conquered or outlived.

"Yes! it is even better that we should leave the house, than that Traverse should become hopelessly attached to Clara; or, worse than all, that he should repay the doctor's great bounty by winning the heart of his only daughter," said Marah Rocke to herself; and so "screwing her courage to the sticking place" she took an opportunity one morning early while Traverse and Clara were out riding, to go into the study to speak to the doctor.

As usual he looked up with a smile to welcome her as she entered; but her downcast eyes and serious face made him uneasy, and he hastened to inquire if she was not well, or if anything had happened to make her anxious, and at the same time he placed a chair, and made her sit in it.

"Yes, I am troubled, doctor, about a subject that I scarcely know how to break to you," she said, in some considerable embarrassment.

"Mrs. Rocke you know I am your friend, anxious to serve you! Trust in me, and speak out!"

"Well, sir," said Marah, beginning to roll up the corner of her apron, in her embarrassment, "I should not presume to interfere, but *you* do not see; gentlemen, perhaps, seldom *do* until it is too late." She paused, and the good doctor turned his head about, listening first with one ear and then with the other, as if he thought by attentive hearing he might come to understand her incomprehensible words.

"Miss Clara has the misfortune to be without a mother, or an aunt, or any lady relative——"

"Oh! yes! I know it, my dear madam; but then I am sure you conscientiously try to fill the place of a matronly friend and adviser to my daughter, said the doctor, striving after light.

"Yes, sir, and it is in view of my duties in this relation that I say—*I and Traverse ought to go away.*"

"You and Traverse go away!! My good little woman you ought to be more cautious how you shock a man at my time of life! fifty is a *very* apoplectic age to a full blooded man, Mrs. Rocke! But now that I have got over the shock, tell me why you fancy that you and Traverse ought to go away."

"Sir, my son is a well-meaning boy——"

"A high-spirited, noble-hearted lad!" put in the doctor. "I have never seen a better!"

"But granting all that to be, what I hope and believe it is—*true*, still Traverse Rocke is not a proper or desirable daily associate for Miss Day."

"Why?" curtly inquired the doctor.

"If Miss Clara's mother were living, sir, she would probably tell you that young ladies should never associate with any except their *equals* of the opposite sex," said Marah Rocke.

"Clara's dear mother, were she on earth, would understand and sympathize with me, and esteem your Traverse as I do, Mrs. Rocke," said the doctor, with moist eyes and a tremulous voice.

"But oh, sir, exceeding kind as you are to Traverse, I dare not, in duty, look on and see things going the way in which they are, and not speak and ask your consent to withdraw Traverse!"

"My good little friend," said the doctor, rising and looking kindly and benignantly upon Marah. "My good little woman, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!' Suppose you and I trust a little in Divine Providence, and mind our own business?"

"But, sir, it seems to me a part of our business to watch over the young and inexperienced, that they fall into no snare."

"And also to treat them with 'a little wholesome neglect' that our over officiousness may plunge them into none!"

"I wish you would comprehend me, sir!"

"I do, and applaud your motives; but give yourself no farther trouble! leave the young people to their own honest hearts and to Providence. Clara, with all her softness, is a sensible girl! and as for Traverse, if *he* is one to break his heart from an unhappy attachment, I have been mistaken in the lad, that is all!" said the doctor, heartily.

Mrs. Rocke sighed, and saying—"I deemed it my duty to speak to you, sir; and having done so, I have no more to say," she slightly curtsied and withdrew.

"He does not see! his great benevolence blinds him! In his wish to serve us he exposes Traverse to the most dreadful misfortune—the misfortune of becoming hopelessly attached to one far above him in station, whom he can never expect to possess!" said Marah Rocke to herself, as she retired from the room.

"I must speak to Traverse himself, and warn him against this snare," she said, as she afterwards ruminated over the subject.

And accordingly that evening, when she had retired to her chamber and heard Traverse enter the little adjoining room where he slept, she called him in, and gave him a seat, saying that she must have some serious conversation with him.

The boy looked uneasy, but took the offered chair and waited for his mother to speak.

"Traverse," she said, "a change has come over you recently that may escape all other eyes but those of your mother; she, Traverse, cannot be blind to anything that seriously affects her boy's happiness."

"Mother, I scarcely know what you mean," said the youth, in embarrassment.

"Traverse, you are beginning to think too much of Miss Day."

"Oh, mother!!" exclaimed the boy, while a violent blush overspread and empurpled his face! Then in a little while and in faltering tones he inquired—"Have I betrayed, in any way, that I do?"

"To no one but to me, Traverse, to me whose anxiety for your happiness makes me watchful; and now, dear boy, you must listen to me; I know it is very sweet to you, to sit in a dark corner and gaze on Clara, when no one, not even herself, witnesses your joy, and to lie awake and think and dream of her when no eye but that of God looks down upon your heart; and to build castles in the air for her and for you; all this I know is very sweet; but, Traverse, it is a sweet *poison*, fatal if indulged in, fatal to your peace and integrity."

"Oh, my mother!—oh, my mother! what are you telling me!" exclaimed Traverse, bitterly.

"Unpalatable truths, dear boy, but necessary antidotes to that sweet poison of which you have already tasted too much."

"What would you have me to do, my mother?"

"Guard your acts and words, and even *thoughts;* forbear to look at, or speak to, or think of Clara, except when it is unavoidable!—or if you do, regard her as she *is*—one so far beyond your sphere as to be for ever unattainable!"

"Oh, mother, I never once dreamed of such presumption as to think of—of—." The youth paused and a deep blush again overspread his face.

"I know you have not indulged presumptuous thoughts as yet, my boy, and it is to warn you against them, while yet your heart is in some measure within your own keeping, that I speak to you. Indulge your imagination in no more sweet reveries about Miss Day, for the end thereof will be bitter humiliation and disappointment. Remember also that in so doing you would indulge a sort of treachery against your patron, who in his great faith in your integrity has received you in the bosom of his family, and admitted you to an almost brotherly intimacy with his daughter. Honor his trust in you, and treat his daughter with the distant respect due to a princess."

"I will, mother! It will be hard, but I will! Oh, an hour ago I did not dream how miserable I should be now!" said Traverse, in a choking voice.

"Because I have pointed out to you the gulf towards which you were walking blindfold!"

"I know it! I know it now, mother," said Traverse, as he arose and pressed his mother's hand and hurried to his own room.

The poor youth did his best to follow out the line of conduct prescribed for him by his mother. He devoted himself to his studies and to the active service of his patron. He avoided Clara as much as possible, and when obliged to be in her company, he treated her with the most respectful reserve.

Clara saw and wondered at his change of manner, and began to cast about in her own mind for the probable cause of his conduct.

"I am the young mistress of the house," said Clara to herself, "and I know I owe to every inmate of it consideration and courtesy; perhaps I may have been unconsciously lacking in these towards Traverse, whose situation would naturally render him very sensitive to neglect. I must endeavor to convince him that none was intended." And so resolving, Clara redoubled all her efforts to make Traverse, as well as others, happy and comfortable.

But happiness and comfort seemed for the time to have departed from the youth. He saw her generous endeavors to cheer him, and while adoring her amiability, grew still more reserved.

This pained the gentle girl, who, taking herself seriously to task, said—

"Oh, I must have deeply wounded his feelings in some unconscious way! and if so, how very cruel and thoughtless of me! how could I have done it? I cannot imagine! but I know I shall not allow him to continue unhappy if I can prevent it! I will speak to him about it."

And then in the candor, innocence and humility of her soul, she followed him to the window where he stood in a moody silence, and said pleasantly—

"Traverse, we do not seem to be so good friends as formerly. If I have done anything to offend you, I know that you will believe me when I say that it was quite unintentional on my part and that I am very sorry for it, and hope you will forget it."

"You, you, Miss Day! you say anything to displease—*anybody!* Any one become displeased with *you!*" exclaimed the youth in a tremulous enthusiasm that shook his voice and suffused his cheeks.

"Then if you are not displeased, Traverse, what *is* the matter, and why do you call me Miss Day instead of Clara?"

"Miss Day, because it is right that I should. You are a young lady—the only daughter and heiress of Doctor Day of Willow Heights, while I am——"

"*His friend,*" said Glara.

"The son of his house-keeper," said Traverse, walking away.

Clara looked after him in dismay for a moment, and then sat down and bent thoughtfully over her needle-work.

From that day, Traverse grew more deeply in love and more reserved than before. How could it be otherwise, domesticated, as he was, with this lovely girl and becoming daily more sensible of her beauty, goodness and intelligence? Yet he struggled against his inevitable attachment as a great treachery. Meantime he made rapid progress in his medical studies. It was while affairs were in this state that one morning the doctor entered the study holding the morning paper in his hand. Seating himself in his leathern arm chair, at the table, he said—

"I see, my dear Traverse, that a full course of lectures is to be commenced at the medical college in Washington, and I think that you are sufficiently far advanced in your studies to attend them with great advantage—what say you?"

"Oh, sir!" said Traverse, upon whom the proposition had burst quite unexpectedly—"I should indeed be delighted to go, if that were possible."

"There is no *if* about it, my boy; if you wish to go you shall do so. I have made up my mind to give you a professional education, and shall not stop half way."

"Oh, sir, the obligation! the overwhelming obligation you lay upon me!"

"Nonsense, Traverse! it is only a capital investment of funds! If I were a usurer, boy, I could not put out money to a better advantage! You will repay me by and by with compound interest; so just consider all that I may be able to do for you as a loan to be repaid when you shall have achieved success."

"I am afraid, sir, that that time will never——"

"No you are not!" interrupted the doctor—"and so don't let modesty run into hypocrisy. Now put up your books and go and tell your good little mother to get your clothes all ready for you to go to Washington, for you shall start by the next coach."

Much surprise it created in the little household by the news that Traverse was going immediately to Washington to attend the medical lectures. There was but two days to prepare his wardrobe for the journey. Mrs. Rocke went cheerfully to work; Clara lent her willing and skillful aid, and at the end of the second day his clothes, in perfect order, were all neatly packed in his traveling trunk.

And on the morning of the third day Traverse took leave of his mother and Clara, and for the first time left home to go out into the great world. Doctor Day accompanied him in the old green gig as far as Staunton, where he took the stage.

As soon as they had left the house Marah Rocke went away to her own room to drop a few natural tears over this first parting with her son. Very lonely and desolate the mother felt as she stood weeping by the window, and straining her eyes to catch a distant view of the old green gig that had already rolled out of sight.

While she stood thus in her loneliness and desolation, the door silently opened, a footstep softly crossed the floor, a pair of arms was put around her neck, and Clara Day dropped her head upon the mother's bosom and wept softly.

Marah Rocke pressed that beautiful form to her breast, and felt with dismay that the doctor's sweet daughter already returned her boy's silent love!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

IT was a shrewd saying of Voltaire that philosophy had its origin in the fact that man has very poor eyes and a great deal of curiosity.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Click!—Click!—Click!—
There in a pile they lie,
Shirts and bosoms and collars,—
Heap them still more high.
Table-cloths, towels, and sheets,
Off in a trice they glide,
With all the countless articles
Of household use and pride.

Click!—Click!—Click!—
Cloak and surplice and stole,
Counterpane, curtain and quilt,
In a ceaseless tide they roll,
From the wonderful magician
That there in the corner stands
Transcending old Briæreus,
With all his hundred hands.

No more the thoughtful husband
Need hasten to his trade,
With hankerchiefs unhemm'd,
And wristbands broken and fray'd,—
And the matron findeth leisure,
Though with many a labor tried,
To read the daily paper,
And something else beside.

While the astonished mother
Can keep in neat array
Her rude and rosy urchins
That in the gutter play,—
Coats and jackets and pants
Are quicker made anew
Than the laundress can restore the old
To their primeval hue.

The lover, when he presseth
The hand of his lady fair,
No longer finds her finger rough
With the needle's furrowing share.
And the thin and pallid sempstress,
With endless stitching worn,
May sleep before the midnight,
And rise refresh'd at morn.

What a blessed age we live in,
Sisters, and daughters, and wives,
With all the lights of science
To lengthen out our lives.
And be the time thus rescued
Not spent in folly's strife,
But fit ourselves and others
For a higher, better life.

Hartford, Feb. 12th, 1859.

JUAN GONZALEZ.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

It was as I lay upon the blanket of Juan Gonzalez, one night after a desperate fight with the Apaches, that the venerable old man, who had fought the savages with relentless ferocity and with a degree of energy and endurance which astonished our whole troop, told me the story of his life, and accounted for the scars with which his body was literally covered.

"In the time of the monarchy," he commenced, "my father, who was a native of Madrid, held a high commission in the Colonial government; but being implicated in the revolution of 1810, was forced to leave the capital. He sought a refuge in one of the missions in the distant territory, which has since become the State of Chihuahua. This region was but little known, save to the Jesuit missionaries; and my father was so well pleased with the lovely spot where he was so kindly received by them, that he determined to make it his future home. In a little while, therefore, he sent for his family and faithful servants, and established the Hacienda of Santa Roméla on the banks of the upper Rio Grande.

"When we became old enough, my only sister and myself were sent to our old home, to receive such portions of our education as the priests of the mission were not able to give us. We were thus brought again in contact with the old friends and relations of the family.

"Here several happy years passed away, with occasional visits to our parents at Santa Roméla. In the meantime I became acquainted with the family of Don Pedro Conde, an old friend of my father's, whose beautiful daughter Inez, about the age of my sister, won my heart. Ah! my friend, she was indeed a lovely young creature, and worthy of all the worship of my ardent soul.

"Her parents were favorable to our union, and it only required the consent of my own to make our happiness complete. This, after the lapse of months which it took the messenger to make the journey, was at length received. My parents were highly pleased with the prospect of uniting the two families; but gave their consent with the understanding that the wedding ceremonies should be celebrated at what was to become our future home, and thus save them the long and tedious journey to the capital. Don Pedro acceded to this proposal, and accompanied with a large escort of friends and servants, we set out.

"We traveled slowly, and were months on the journey; and before we arrived we learned that the Missions and Presidios of the Rio Grande valley had been alarmed by recent attacks of the Apache Indians, who from some offence had taken up arms against the sparse and unprotected settlements.

"We were married in the old mission, the ruined walls of which still stand in that deserted valley. A great feast had been prepared to celebrate the occasion, and all the people of the mission and hacienda had been gathered to do us honor. That night the mansion was illuminated, and a grand fandango was given. But never had pleasure so sad and sudden a termination. When the music filled the place with its cheerful notes, and the dance was most hilarious, a fierce yell from a hundred savage throats rang with a terrific echo through the courts! The murderous Indians were upon us. Still uttering their wild warwhoops, the savages poured into the hall, and striking down the men with their clubs, rushed to the further end of the room, where the frightened women had gathered, and seizing them by the waists, dragged them shrieking to the outer courts. My beloved bride and sister were borne away with the others.

"So sudden had been the attack, that we had no time to meet it. In fact so little was danger apprehended, that our arms were not within reach. But maddened by the sight, I shouted to the people to follow me to the rescue, and rushed into the midst of our fierce assailants. For a time I was unsupported, and had nothing but such weapons as I wrenched from the grasp of the savages. With these I cut my way through them, and reached my beloved Inez, still grasped in the arms of a gigantic Apache. The villain struck at me with his lance—the point entered my shoulder, and bore me to the ground; but furious with madness and the pain of the wound, I tore the weapon from my shoulder, and charging upon the huge brute, buried its iron head deep into his bowels. With a yell of agony, he fell back, dragging my fainting Inez, still in his grasp, to the ground. I followed up the attack, and tearing the insensible form of the girl from the arms of the dying savage, attempted to bear her from the court. But at this moment I received a blow on the head, which partially stunning me, knocked me to the ground, with my precious burden beneath me.

"I remember no more, till the morning sun streaming into the court, warmed me to life and consciousness again. Ah! my friend, that was a fearful scene that met my returning sight! I lay in a deep pool of blood, my own, and that of my friends; and about me and upon me lay the murdered ones. There by the side of a painted savage, in disgusting proximity, lay the corpse of my noble old father, still grasping in death his faithful weapons; and a little beyond, my sainted mother, with her white face and disheveled tresses upturned to the morning rays; while around the place lay heaps of our slaughtered servants. The past night had, indeed, been one of horrors; but the opening day was marked with still as frightful sights—for it showed me, that of all the gay and joyous crowd assembled to do honor to my nuptials, but few had escaped that awful massacre! Save the body of my murdered mother, not a female remained. The savages had spared them for a more fearful fate; and oh God! my virgin bride, my sweet sister—if still alive,—and I prayed that this might not be—must share the same awful fate! The thought was maddening; and with a desperate effort I essayed to rise, but in vain; I had lost too much blood. And overcome by my emotions I again became insensible.

"When consciousness returned, I found myself in bed, with a few familiar faces about me. The father of my lost Inez held my hand; and I saw, by the sad, broken-hearted expression of his face, that the past events had not been a frightful vision of my frenzied brain. I learned that I had been lying there for more than a week, balancing between life and death.

"But, my friend, let me hasten over this painful period. I was now widowed in heart and hope; but then sprang up within me a fierce, burning thirst for vengeance; and a determination to recover my lost ones, or never rest till I had glutted my vengeance to the full. I made a vow to devote myself to vengeance; and thus far I have devoted all my energies to the accomplishment of my oath. Many an Apache fiend has been sent to his burning home by my hands; and I hope many more will yet follow. But I forget my story.

"As soon as I was able to sit my horse, I assembled my remaining people, and with my unhappy father-in-law scoured the valley of the river for recruits; and sought the savages in their haunts. Many a bloody fight ensued; and I seemed to possess a charmed life. My men emulated my reckless desperation, and fought like tigers. Many a time had I surprised the Indian villages, and sought in vain amongst their captives for the loved ones dearest to my own heart. Often, however, we rescued other females, borne from our hacienda on that dreadful night. But those for whom my broken heart still bled remained unfound! And at length, I began to comfort myself with the hope that death had released them from their wretched bondage.

"Thus, Senor Doctor, five years of my joyous life passed away, and I had been commissioned by the General Government, and furnished with troops to fight the savages, whose enmity was daily increasing. These, with the noble fellows who had ever remained with me, formed a powerful corps; and I took the field against my old enemies with renewed energy.

"On one occasion, when we were pursuing a retreating party of the Indians, we came upon one of their villages, in a secluded valley of the Santa Maria river. We were about to charge into it; when the savages rallied, and expressed a determination to defend their families. But this time we were too many for them; and though they fought bravely, we soon routed them—after killing a large number of their warriors. The village was surrounded, and soon laid in ashes. There were none but women and children, with a few old men found in the wigwams; but amongst these, I discovered my lost sister Josefa. She had become the wife of a chief, and already the mother of children. So changed was she, in her savage dress and paint, that I should not have recognized her, but for her peculiarly sweet voice, and her pure Castilian. She did not know me, for I too must have changed greatly;—but when she at length learned that I was Juan—her brother Juan, she threw herself upon my neck, and gave vent to a flood of tears. She had supposed me dead, for her captors to quiet her longing for home, had informed her that her entire family had been massacred. But when I proposed to take her with me, she pointed to her children and shook her head,—

"'No, Juan," said she, "I am now the mother of these,—they are my own, and I love them, as well as if their father were of our own race. I even love my husband. Should I return to our own people, I should miss his love; for he is an affectionate master and father. Leave me to my fate—for so 'tis decreed."

"I did leave her, poor victim! for it was her wish, and I had no home to which I could restore her. Josefa informed me that my lost Inez still survived;—that she also was the wife of a great chief, whose range was in the country bordering on the Gila;—she had not seen her for years, but learned that she yet pined for her murdered lover, whose death she also had been made to believe.

"This news, rekindled the burning revenge, which the blood of the savages I had shed could not all extinguish; and I determined to push on immediately to the Gila country. But on passing the Rio Grande Presidios on our upward march, I learned that the Apaches had proposed to bury the hatchet, and make terms of peace with the settlers; and orders had been forwarded to me to suspend my operations against them. This did not at all suit my purpose,—and without communicating the order to my men—I pushed on. For six months I scoured the Gila country, without encountering a party of Apaches—and was again on my return to the Rio Grande Valley, when one day, as we were encamped in a mountain pass, our scouts brought in the joyful news that they had discovered Apache signs on the plain beyond. They were those of a large moving village—which was but a single day in advance of us.

"We immediately saddled up, and hastened on their trail. On the second night we came in sight of them. They had encamped in a little valley surrounded on all sides by low, rocky hills, which completely covered us from sight till we were upon them. I had brought with me from the settlements a brass gun mounted on wheels, and calculated to throw buck shot and leaden bullets. This was a murderous engine, just suited to my revengeful purposes. The valley, as I said, was small, and the Apaches were consequently encamped in a narrow space, though their numbers were several hundred. They were moving with their families, and therefore encumbered with much luggage.

"We waited till midnight, and when all sounds were hushed, and the savages, unsuspicious of the death that awaited them, were buried in sleep, we moved stealthily and silently down to the valley, with our brass piece filled to the muzzle with the murderous missiles, and ranging it in a line with the greatest number of the tents, I applied the match. The shot sped with a crashing sound upon the raw-hide coverings, dashing them to the ground, and a sudden howl of pain, mingled with the roar of the gun, as it echoed among the startled hills, told that a bloody havoc had been made; and before the savages had time to recover from this unexpected slaughter, we rushed upon them and finished the fearful work. All this did not occupy but a moment; yet in that awful moment the greater number of the red fiends were sent howling to their comrades below. A few only of that large party escaped to tell the tale.

"The fair moon that night looked down with a melancholy gaze upon a sad and sanguinary scene; and even I, the author of the bloody deed, felt, for once, that my revenge had been fully glutted.

"As I moved over the ground, slippery with blood, my foot struck against an object which gave out a metallic sound. I turned my eyes casually upon it, as it lay half buried in the gory grass. At that moment a moonbeam fell upon it, and I perceived what had the appearance of a locket. Idly I stooped to examine it, but discovered it was attached by a string to the neck of a body stretched upon the ground. I was about to cast it from me again, when I thought I perceived a picture. I stooped lower to get a better view of it—it was my own picture—the same that Inez, my lost one, my beloved, had pressed to her heart on the blissful day of our betrothal!

"I threw myself upon the ground before the wearer of it, and with trembling hands removed the tangled tresses from the face. It was she—my long loved, long lost Inez! And I at last had been her murderer, just as I had found her after a restless search of years! There she lay, with her sweet, bloodless face turned up to my haggard gaze, all unconscious of my presence—I, who had murdered her!—and raising her lifeless form in my arms, I pressed upon her lips the first kiss I had ever planted there.

"As if they had received the shock from a galvanic battery, those lips quivered with a sudden thrill, which spread swiftly over the body, and it trembled perceptibly in my arms.

"'She lives! she lives!' I cried, almost delirious with joy; and calling wildly for help, I bore her dear form to the stream that rippled through the little valley, and bathed her pallid face in the cool waters. I felt her heart throb against my own for a moment, and opening her eyes—those sweet orbs, into whose depths I had gazed with such fond hopes—while a loving smile spread over her features, she whispered my name—'Juan!'—and again closed them; her heart ceased to throb, and all again was still. The effort of the resuscitation had opened a wounded vessel, and a jet of scarlet blood welled up from those lips, silenced forever. But I had been recognized by her. She doubtless comprehended all that I had undergone and felt for her; and in that brief smile, that single utterance, was concentrated all the deathless love of her broken heart.

"Since then, Senor Doctor, years have passed away, and I have been a wanderer, still devoting my life to the one great object of my vow—the extermination, from the face of this fair earth, of those cursed Apaches, who have rendered it all to me a dreary waste, a sterile desert. Even that once beautiful hacienda—the richest in all the valley of the Rio Grande—like my joyless life, is now a ruin. A few crumbling walls, which show the marks of fire, are all that now mark the spot once known as Santa Roméla, the pride and envy of the valley."

A TRUE HISTORY
OF
THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

BY I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

"So, I took pity for learning's sake,
And, *de profundis accentibus lætis,*
Cantate! quoth, as I got a rake,
And up I fished his delectable treatise."

A curious proof of the peculiar propensities of historians lies in the well-known fact, that the most important chronicles of one country are always to be found hidden in the archives of another. Thus we send to France, to England, to Spain, to Holland, for our records, annals, diaries, registers, and muster-rolls, which were doubtless carried off, piecemeal, in former days, by the pilfering savans of those countries, a breach of honesty of which we might justly complain, if our own historical societies and State libraries were able to stand the test of a search-warrant, and allow their shelves and cabinets to be ransacked for similar evidences of petty larceny. But as it is, it is; old chronicles, manuscripts, and memoranda, are only the tissue-paper bon-bons of archæology, and if a modern Tacitus should be caught sneaking out of the Athenæum with a roll of parchment under his toga, it would by no means injure his social character, no more than a fine lady's is damaged when she makes a foray upon a fashionable supper table, and carries off the choicest specimens of its confectionery.

Now I have written the above merely to excuse the Bishop of London, who, although an Episcopalian, is no doubt a gentleman, and a very honest person. For within a few years it hath leaked out that there is in his library at Fulham the long lost MS. History of the Colony of New Plymouth, written by Governor Bradford, which formerly belonged to and was surreptitiously conveyed from the New England Library in Boston. And how long this book hath been in the Fulham library his Lordship cannot say, but graciously writes, "I should suppose for a very long period." However, he was pleased to allow it to be copied for the Massachusetts Historical Society, with the understanding, that the original was to be carefully preserved, *and returned to him.* And from this source we get a most choice volume, published by our society, being a copy of the above MS.—which is a great help to me, as the type is large, and I can read it without spectacles. I shall therefore be able to enrich my history with many facts not used by any previous writer except the ancient chronicler himself. And now to proceed:

So soon as all the company had disembarked from the Mayflower, a fundamental territorial law was established, by calling a town-meeting, and electing a Governor and Council. The first officer was Mr. John Carver, who, being well stricken in years, was preferred on that account, for reasons which I do not choose to disclose. Next, the place which they had taken possession of was named New Plymouth, in honor of the last town they had touched at in the Old World, and where they had separated from the Speedwell. The military power was vested in Captain Miles Standish, and eight men enlisted upon the spot for the army. These were at once put under martial law, and ordered to turn out their toes, and keep their eyes square to front, upon pain of being reduced to half prog, without benefit of rum and tobacco. Then, as many hands make light work, all the able-bodied citizens of the new Republic turned to, and built a Hotel de Ville, or town-hall, in a fortnight. This was planned after the original Doric pattern, the trunks of trees, squared by the broad-axe, being used for columns, and placed, not in an upright, but in a horizontal posture, and the interstices stuffed with clay and oakum. To the Hotel de Ville there was an upper story, for the chapel of the settlement, and above the chapel, supported upon strong oaken beams, a flat, square roof, upon which the artillery of the commander-in-chief was planted, consisting of two snaphances with leather aprons, a forty-two pound blunderbuss, a couple of wooden six-pounders, made of the broken end of the main yard of the Mayflower, and a Dutch swivel with a brass touch-hole of the same calibre as the bore. Then, fronting the door of the Common House, they laid out a pleasant avenue of about eight hundred feet long, with gardens and log-houses on either side, each family building its own domicile, to which they gave the name of Leyden street, out of compliment to their friends in Holland, and around all they erected a stout palisado, or stockade of heavy plank work, tall, and sharpened at the top, together with massive gates of oak-timber, which every night were closed and fastened with mighty hasps of iron, secured by corn-cobs thrust in the staples.

But, in spite of these warlike preparations, the little town soon began to assume a smiling aspect; the peaceful smoke issued from numerous chimnies in the calm winter air; the season was unusually mild and bright; the game, both by land and water, abundant; and they had good store of corn both for present use as well as for future planting. As the domestic life of the early colonists has never been described by any writer, it is incumbent upon me to give a clear picture of it.

Let us therefore walk up Leyden street, arm-in-arm, my reader! You see we have no side-walks, no lamp-posts, no horses, no carriages, no church-steeples, no apothecary shops! But the ground is hard-crusted, with frost, and a slight covering of snow over it, so that we can dispense with pavements. At one end of the street we see the Common Store House of the colonists, beyond it the harbor, the islands and beaches, the waters of the bay, and the Mayflower at anchor. At the other end rises a high hill from the summit of which you may readily discern the distant shore of Cape Cod in a clear day; it is now whitened with the touch of winter, or darkened with diversified belts and patches of evergreens. Let us step into this dwelling house! the floor, of solid earth, is covered with a rich and fragrant carpet of hemlock twigs; the ample, blazing fire-place is built of logs, plastered with clay; the window lets in the light through semi-opaque panes of oiled paper; the table is an old sea chest, with an extraordinary number of high-backed, elbow chairs around it. If the family bed in one corner lacks the customary mahogany of a four-poster, yet it is not the less comfortable therefore, being an elastic couch of high-heaped spruce and pine twigs, overlaid with woolen blankets, and turned down with fresh and snowy sheets of Holland linen. As for the rest, there are utensils of Delft-ware, and of tin, both on the dresser and elsewhere, as well as a corn mortar on a wooden pedestal—wind-mills not having yet been built; and hanging on the walls a map of Amsterdam by *Anthony Jacobsz, op't Water inde Lootsman;* beside divers garments, not of steel, as poets feign, but stout petticoats and breeches of linsey-woolsey, well clouted with patches and embroidered with skillful threads of housewifery. Now place pipes and tobacco upon the old sea chest, with a bottle of schnaaps, some corn bread, a cheese from Vater land, and a pitcher of good Dutch beer beside them, and fill the high-backed chairs with living men and women, in straight coats, ruffs, bands, and prim caps, actuated by the same passions, prostrated by the same hardships, inflated by the same vanities,—as zealous, as foolish, as wise, and as weak as the writer of this history, or the rest of mankind, and you have a fair view of a Puritan interior a little more than a couple of hundred years ago.

Our forefathers had now been for some months settled in their new habitations, and yet the natives of the country had not been seen by any of them except those which Captain Standish had routed on the Field of the First Encounter. But one day some of the young men who were chopping wood in the forest, outside of the palisado, having left their tools to return to dinner, upon going back to the place found their axes, saws, and timber tackle missing, upon which they had a strong suspicion that some dishonest person had been there in their absence. But how can I depict the delight of Captain Standish, when he heard this piece of news? How his beard curled with ire, and his eye kindled! How his nostrils breathed out the very smoke of battle, in the dry winter air; how his chest heaved, and his stature grew a cubit in hight, as he drew on his sheet-iron gauntlets and ordered the colony drum to be beaten, which having but one head and no drum-snare, sent forth a most doleful summons to the army. Then was that brave but gloomy band of heroes marshaled; each man with a wisp of straw stuck in his right shoe, and a wisp of hay in his left shoe to keep step by, and marched and countermarched through Leyden street, the colony drum marking time, and the eyes of the people upon them. Then were the great guns loaded on the top of the Common House, or town hall, and a plentiful supply of provisions laid in for citadel rations. Not the foot-mark which Robinson Crusoe found in the sand produced so great a consternation! But in spite of drill duty, and proclamations offering a reward for the missing tools, and no questions asked, nothing came of it. The primeval forest was as empty and as silent as ever, and the nights and days in the town as monotonous.

Some months had now elapsed, without any further stirring events, when one day an Indian suddenly appeared upon the eminence overlooking the town.* If this apparition caused great surprise to the colony, the colony caused as great a surprise to the apparition, for it uttered a most extraordinary whoop, and came down the mountain. Then, I warrant you, there was a stir! The colony drum beat to arms, the colony army left lapstone and thimble, to brandish more terrible implements, canteens were filled and as rapidly emptied by the warriors, the gates were shut by the women, the bull-dogs were unchained, and havoc and impending desolation hung over the terrified city. But the Indian advanced with both hands stretched forth in token of amity, and after a brief parley at the principal gate, was admitted. Look you, if the colony did not wake up when this wild man of the woods walked through Leyden street! He was unarmed, and habited in nothing but a pair of old patched moccasins, and a waist belt of divers colors; nature having provided him with a tough constitution and a water-proof hide. Upon being brought before the council, to the astonishment of our forefathers, he spoke very good English, with a slight foreign accent, and told them he had learned that tongue from some fishermen who had formerly been upon the coast after cod and haddock.† His name, he said, was Samoset, and he was the last of his tribe; the rest of his people had been carried off some years before by a certain pestilence, which, from description, Captain Standish at once pronounced to be yellow fever. The council having questioned him as to the tools, he denied knowledge thereof, but promised to bring before it another Indian, named Squanto, who could speak better English than himself, and therefore more liable to suspicion; but chiefly he promised to bring to them the Sagamore, Massasoit, with the principal men of his tribe, to make a treaty. Then the *Great Council Flask* was presented to the savage, who showed by the twink of his eyeball that he knew the difference between schnaaps and ditch-water; but though he drank lustily, yet he kept his tongue between his teeth. Meanwhile the ladies of the town held a meeting of the first New England Sewing Society, and speedily made for the wild man a pair of breeches, a brace of good shirts, and a swallow-tail coat, which, when presented to him, he was wonderfully proud of, especially the latter garment, and took to it so great a fancy, that he must needs wear it at once; but as for the shirts and breeches, those he rolled up and carried off with him next day, under his arm.

However agreeable these amiable proceedings might have been to some, they in no wise agreed with the warlike stomach of Miles Standish, who sat at one corner of the council board, frowning horribly and rolling his eyes from Samoset to the Elder, and from the Elder to Samoset. But the latter took it all in good part, as did the rest, for they had entertained most fearful ideas of the savages "as cruel, barbarous and treacherous; most furious in their rage and merciless when they overcame; not being content to kill only, and take away life, but delighting to torment men in the most bloody manner that may be; flaying some alive with the shells of fishes; cutting off the members and joints of others by piecemeal; and broiling on the coals and eating the collops of their flesh in their sight while they yet lived, with other cruelties horrible to be related." Whereas, taking their guest for a sample, the savages were no doubt a jolly set of lusty bottle bruisers, and brave tobacco smokers; exceedingly polished in manners, and of gentlemanly carriage, though without coat and breeches;—grave in council, but gay at banquet, modest in the receipt of gifts, but generous with their lands and tenements. Therefore they did lustily troll the bowl with the wild man, and drink bumper toasts after their habit, until the council broke up.

The moon shone brightly that night upon the little town of New Plymouth, touching the gable ends of the log-houses, and pointing the sharp pickets of the wooden walls with silver fire; lighting up with mellow effluence the distant bay, or throwing the dark shadows of the evergreens in bold relief against the snowy sides of Burial Hill. And every member of the council slept soundly too that night, save one. For although the Indian had been left in charge of a brace of sentinels at the store-house, with orders to keep strict watch over him, yet there was one anxious sentinel on duty, who trusted neither to savage nor to sentinel. Sometimes in the shadow, sometimes in the moonshine, Captain Miles Standish was mounting guard in front of the Hotel de Ville, and well he might, for the watchmen on the inside, overcome by the strength of the Hollands were snoring away at their posts—and so too for that matter was Samoset.

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* Now called Burial Hill.

† This would *seem* to indicate that the country had been discovered before, but the chronology of the period is so defective that no reliance can be placed upon such statements—especially from Indians.

THE CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Gratitude emanates from the sense of guileless enjoyment, as perfume rises from the flower. The sombre shadow of premature decay rests upon the youngest being, the instant that he ceases to enjoy. The child enjoys involuntarily, unreasoningly;—its spontaneous gladness gushes forth like the matin song of the lark, and, like the lark's carol, it is an unconscious hymn of thanks for the capacity it has received. But as childhood merges into youth, youth into manhood, how often the blessed faculty of enjoyment decreases until it is wholly lost!

Pity the man from whom it has departed, for its absence speaks of mental and physical abuse, of unholy indulgence that vitiates the taste—of satiety that palls the appetite—of sin that destroys the powers. All the bloom of his existence has been rudely brushed away. The finest chords of his spirit have become voiceless! Touch them with the finger of Nature—of Art—of Feeling—they give forth no sound. The dust of life's prosaic cares collects upon his heart, until no wind of Heaven, however fragrant or refreshing, can disperse the ashy heap. Can this be in accordance with the laws of order? Is not the highest happiness promised as the guerdon of the greatest goodness? What would avail the offered gift, without the capacity to receive the boon? It was manifestly designed that we should guard and cultivate this Heaven-bestowed faculty for enjoyment. In a healthful, grateful, coherent mind, it may be preserved—increased—matured from year to year, even to the very sunset of existence. The objects by which it is awakened vary—the species of enjoyment itself changes, but the expanding of the soul to pleasurable sensations remains.

Mark how quickly the man who wraps himself up in mere business-avocations and walks ploddingly, with head bent earthward to his labors, loses his taste for the beauties of nature—for literature—for music—for the arts—for all elevating and refining pursuits! See how he carries to his fireside a dull and joyless influence which even the smiles of a tender wife and the prattle of lovely children cannot counteract. With him the capacity for enjoyment is not merely uncultivated, but *stifled*—nipped in the bud. It has never been permitted to force a single blossom through the sheath of circumstance. And when in a few years the man acquires the great wealth for which he bartered this precious faculty—when Rest invites him, and even Prudence bids him relax his labors, that his risks may cease, where are his resources against weariness? Not all his gold can purchase back the lost capacity for enjoyment.

Do not imagine that by enjoyment we mean the frittering away of life in the pursuit of trivialities commonly termed pleasure, but the recognition—the appreciation—of the thousand daily blessings that are spread before our careless eyes. Work itself, and the performance of every day duties, are allied to enjoyment in a cheerful nature—or at least they give to enjoyment the zest that hunger imparts to the simplest food.

No man loses the capacity to enjoy, sooner than the luxurious idler. Listless inactivity is an incubus upon the soul, that gradually deadens its powers until at last a pleasant emotion becomes an unhoped-for though much coveted event—a positive thrill of rapture, an occurrence barely possible. Thus the mind of the world-worn *blasé* is involuntarily closed up against the influent Heavens from whence all pure enjoyment descends.

The selfish man impairs this faculty not less inevitably. He substitutes a cold and spurious gratification for the genuine emotion, and too surely discovers that the retributive pang and penalty, united to the former, can never be escaped.

True happiness must be communicated. It is intensified and increased in proportion to its participation with others. The greater the number of recipients, the deeper, purer, and more ineffable the joy experienced by the communicator. Can angels know a higher felicity than the bliss of initiating the redeemed into their own states of beatitude?

Happiness would not be so rare—so fleeting—nor should we pursue the fugitive through so many forbidden paths, if the healthy capacity for enjoyment were cultivated as an actual, essential virtue. The mental powers would be preserved in perennial freshness—the poetry of existence would not be stripped away with the blossoms of youth—*Ennui* would not be the presiding genius in so many households, nor ingratitude, for simple blessings, the dominant sin of so many hearts!

GOD OF MY MOTHER!

An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of the truth, bowed upon his knees at a revival meeting, and cried in agony, "*God of my mother*, have mercy on me!" "God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that single exclamation; how conclusively it proves this man had a mother whose faithfulness left an impress on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time; how eloquently it pleads with other mothers to be diligent in the inculcation of moral and religious truths.

◆

MAN'S happiness is said to hang upon a thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person acts as such he must be a swindler.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "NEW PLYMOUTH."

There is a very natural and growing desire, on the part of the public, to learn the name of the author of "*A True History of the Colony of New Plymouth*," now in course of publication in our columns. The following has an indirect bearing upon this subject:

THE New York *Daily Times*, in a recent notice of the *Atlantic Monthly*, maintains that there is an immense falling off in the productions of "the Professor" from those of "the Autocrat," in that magazine, and leaves the impression on the minds of its readers that Dr. Holmes is written out. *We* do not account for the lack of interest in the Professor's papers on such ground. Dr. Holmes is, unquestionably, a man of talent; but if he give his best thoughts to the *New York Ledger*, how can it be expected that he will maintain the former interest of his contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*?

We copy this from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 26th of February. More than a month previous to that date, we published the following card in the *Tribune*, which, we thought, had put this matter at rest. Did the *Inquirer* see this denial? If so, we think it is, to say the least, unkind on its part again to refer to the matter. In order, however, to dispose of this question finally and forever, we have concluded to publish the card which we addressed to the editor of the *Tribune*, in our own columns. It is as follows:

MR. BONNER AND DR. HOLMES.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In your issue of this morning, I find the following paragraph:

"It is stated that Dr. O. W. Holmes has refused an offer from Mr. Bonner of $5,000 to write half a column weekly for one year for *The New-York Ledger*."

This, I think, will be news to Dr. Holmes, as I know it is to me. It probably originated in a very bitter paragraph published in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* about the authorship of "A True History of the Colony of New-Plymouth," now in course of publication in *The Ledger*. The Philadelphia editor spitefully remarked that although this "History" contained some good "hits," yet that "sort of stuff," in his "humble estimation," had become "stale, flat and unprofitable;" and that "the Autocrat" and "the Professor" in *The Atlantic Monthly* were "part and parcel of the same thing." I have no wish, Sir, to encroach upon your space by entering into a controversy with the editor of *The Inquirer*; yet you will permit me to say that I have no doubt, if he be a fair and candid man, and will read two or three instalments of that "History" carefully, he will not form so unfavorable an opinion of it. As to its authorship, I am not at liberty to say anything upon that point. Let it be judged on its own merits, unassociated with any name.

Respectfully, ROBERT BONNER.

FALLACIES ABOUT FICTION.

A great many very excellent people have a holy horror of everything like fiction. To read a novel they consider as the direct road to perdition:—and anything like a story or imaginative tale is for them and theirs, forbidden fruit. Their first question about every book, and every narrative that falls in their way, is the one which children ask when they hear a story—*is it true?* If not, they will none of it.

This is rather a curious trait of character, and it is not easy to say in what it has its origin. For there is nothing more universal than the taste for fiction,—nothing in which all persons more nearly agree than in a love for the imaginative, the marvelous, the ideal—for those incidents and traits of character which transcend the common-place realities of life, and find their only home in the regions of the fancy and imagination. There seems to be a notion lurking in the minds of these rigid haters of all fiction, that nothing can be moral but the record of a fact,—that all beyond this *must of necessity be false and injurious.*

According to this theory the Pirate's Own Book would be one of the most moral books in the world,—for it is full of *facts* from beginning to end: and on the other hand, the Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, and Paradise Lost would be highly immoral, because they do not profess to record facts, but are fictitious throughout. Such a judgment would be preposterous. Some of the best books ever written are fictions. The parables in the New Testament, which inculcate the most weighty and impressive lessons of spiritual truth, do not profess to be narratives of *fact*:—they are fictions of the imagination,—but they are none the less beautiful and true on that account.

Who would call the records of horrible and disgusting crime with which our daily journals so constantly abound, *moral* reading? Yet they record nothing but facts:—they are true,—the actual report of things that have actually happened:—and therefore, according to the theory in question they must be much better and more wholesome reading than the most charming works of fiction the world has ever seen.

These good people fall into the error of confounding moral *truth* with actual *fact*. The truth that does the head and the heart good, is truth of character,—truth of nature and of moral principle. Books or stories which embody *that*,—which display and illustrate the excellence of goodness, of virtue, of honor, of manly integrity and of moral purity, are good books and will do good, whether the incidents recorded in them ever actually happened or not. Here is where the distinction should be drawn. Books—whether fictitious or not,—which glorify vice, which make silly girls and sillier boys in love with handsome, dashing villainy,—which make it seem a noble and a heroic thing to discard the rules of morality and follow the worst impulses of human nature,—are bad books and cannot be read without damaging the heart and degrading the character. Such are many of the "blood and thunder" novels and tales of the present day. But novels which make honesty appear noble, kindness and love seem beautiful as angels' faces no matter how lowly the guise in which they may appear;—which stir up the gentlest affections of the heart and fill the soul with emotions of pity and compassion for humble suffering, and for lowly sorrow,—these are books which it will do anybody good to read and which we cannot have too many of. They take stronger hold upon the heart than any mere dry detail of facts, and teach lessons of wisdom and virtue which the common-place incidents of life can never inculcate.

THE WORLD'S LOSSES.

The whole industry of the world is sustained by supplying the losses occasioned partly by the destructive propensities of mankind, and partly by the destructive processes of nature. For the same power that creates also destroys, and we are constantly occupied in making good the ravages of the elements and of our own powers. Man, like Nature, is both a conservative and destructive, and if it were not for the perishable nature of all created things, we should very soon be compelled to stand stock still for the lack of room to put things. Lament as we may the world's losses, they are necessary to our personal comfort and well-being. And yet how disastrous and appalling the yearly losses which we sustain are. The losses of property by accidents at sea alone, during the last year, so far as ascertained, were over eight millions of dollars, while the year before they were sixteen millions of dollars. In the month of November alone there were seven ships lost at sea, valued at six hundred thousand dollars. These are not all the losses, but only those that were recorded by the insurance companies. Yet these losses were a mere trifle compared with the destruction of property on shore. But the destruction of property is essential to prosperity, as we have said. In Venice, the sleepiest city in Europe, there has not been a new house built in four hundred years. Here we burn down a Venice every ten years and build one up again.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Whether in the midst of afflictions decreed by Providence, or beset by troubles of our own conjuring, we cannot have a better motto than "never despair." He who confronts obstacles and calamities with the spirit of this motto in his soul, can never be wholly overcome. A thousand plaguing shapes fly the face of persistent courage, which drive the timid to wretchedness and death. Despair remedies no ill, rights no wrong, eases no burthen. The recorded lessons of human experience are ample to show the folly of despairing. The story of Bruce in prison, sick at heart and well-nigh hopeless for himself and his country, until he saw a spider in his cell return again and again in fruitless attempt to spin its web to a desired point, when finally, as the fit reward of an undaunted will, it succeeded in its object—this touching story, the incident of which liberated a nation and gave a crown to a hero, is an inspiration to never despair.

Suppose Columbus had despaired under the ridicule of courtiers and the rejections of kings, or when mutiny threatened to cut short his career,—a continent might have remained undiscovered for centuries longer, and perhaps forever. Suppose Washington had despaired under the storm of the Revolution, when even the bravest might have found seeming warrant for despair,—our projected independence would doubtless have been trampled in the dust. And so of many immortal names of men who have stood forth and gone forth to vindicate the rights, and promote the welfare of the human race. All the great army of discoverers and developers, who have suffered for truth and knowledge, in dungeons or at the stake—darkness and woe to the world, had all these despaired when peril of life stared them in the face.

It was just at that point where half-breed heroes despair, that the great heroes began their grandest triumphs. The Romans had not yet learned to despair, when the all-conquering Hannibal thundered down the gorges of the Alps. Rome might be desolated, but she should be undespaired of while a Roman survived. This spirit has saved and founded States—has won victories in the very jaws of defeat. This spirit ruled the three hundred who made Thermopylæ glorious—was with Tell when the tyrant's host paved the way to the Switzers' freedom. It was the spirit of "never despair" that formed the first forlorn hope, and that will never cease to stand in the breach where the noblest causes are redeemed and the noblest triumphs won.

How many yield to pitiful obstacles and petty glooms. How many, whose instincts are to despondency while there are sources of cheer left—how many, who despair without an appeal to hope. Do these know the proverbs, founded in wisdom—"It is always darkest just before day"—"there is no night without a morning"—"there's a silver lining to every cloud"—"wait and the storm will pass"—"no ill ever was, but there may be one greater"—"trust in God doing your duty, and fear not the worst!" It is not only cowardly, it is wicked, to despair. *While there is life there is hope, and woe unto him who plucks out his life as a refuge from despair.*

SPRING FASHIONS.

Most people entertain an idea that Fashion is a sudden caprice, and that no one can know what will be fashionable until the thing makes its appearance. But a little reflection will show that Fashion is governed by certain fixed laws, and that it is the result of accurate calculations based upon well-known philosophical truths. It is now, for example, the middle of March, when the fashions of Winter disappear and those of Spring come out. But these fabrics which are to constitute the Spring fashions were ordered and manufactured nearly a year ago, and during all the past season the artisans, artists, and merchants of France, England, Germany and America have been busily engaged in making them up. So that there can be no such thing as caprice or uncertainty about them. And these fashions, too, follow a great law of nature. The fabrics which disappear from the shop windows, it will be seen were all dark and warm in tone; the rich browns, purples, and crimsons, which are so agreeable to the eye in cold weather give place to the light and tender colors which resemble the delicate flowers and foliage of Spring. The greens are very light, like the young leaves and grass, the deep purples give place to the faint colors of the lilac, and whatever article of dress a lady puts on now, or for the next two months, will be suggestive of the budding freshness of the season. When Summer has fairly set in, the fashionable colors will become more positive and rosy, contrasted with pure white, and in the Fall they assume a richer and deeper tone, and golden hues prevail like the tints of Autumn; and then, in winter succeed the deep, dark and warm-looking colors, the brown and furry, the purples and crimsons, which seem comfortable by their contrast to the chilliness of the atmosphere, and the naked look of things out of doors. There need not be any mistakes about the fashions, at least as far as colors are concerned; and in respect to them, people living at a distance from the great centers of civilization may know just as well what is the hight of the fashion in Broadway or the Boulevards, as though they were present on the spot; and may dress themselves accordingly, in conformity with the general principles which we have indicated.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A CROSS PERSON.

We know of no better rule than to keep one's temper under provocation; but this we know is a very difficult thing. Perfect silence is the only way some people *can* keep their tempers, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. A little unexpected act of attention, or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humor in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who can do this, for by every such act of magnanimity does he diminish the distance between himself and heaven. Well has it been said, "greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." It would be well, too, in cases of conversational disputation, to stop till you have stated your definitions of the subject in hand; as often after a long, sharp skirmish, eager disputants have found to their astonishment that they perfectly agree as to essentials. There are some persons who always take the contrary side, because it *is* contrary, and who will neither yield, nor agree to differ, but follow you like a snarling cur, and like it, only make themselves a laughing-stock for their peevishness and puerility. Treat such as you would the cur;—shut your door in their face, and let them snarl.

BABIES AS THEY ARE.

Babies are not the little know-nothings they are popularly supposed to be. Their intellectual gifts are underrated. They are as sly as opossums, cunning as red foxes; and natural-born tyrants, every one of them. At the age of four months or thereabouts the ocelot or tiger-cat instinct of babyhood begins to develop itself. The nails of infancy are at that age capable of scarification; but the "blessed little creature," aware that its weapons are as yet feeble and flexible, only attacks the eyes and other thin-skinned localities, where they are sure to make an impression; cunningly postponing a more general onslaught until the talons are equal to the work, and the progress of dentition enables it to assail its mother and the general public with tooth and nail. Some people profess to regard gouging as an unnatural exhibition of mature ferocity; but it is in fact a cradle vice. Unfledged ducklings do not more invariably make for the water, or little bull-dogs at the throat, than the infant fingers at the organs of vision; nor was the arrow labeled "for the right eye of Phillip" more true to its aim than the chubby digitals of mothers' pets and fathers' darlings. If the boy were really "father to the man," if men and women were literally "children of a larger growth," the cases of *mayhem* (which is the legal gibberish for biting and gouging) would be much more frequent. The nursery rhyme which ignores the idea of "little hands" being under the influence of canine propensities, is mere flattery.

But the craft of a baby is at least on a par with its cruelty. Give way never so little to a young hopeful in long clothes, and for every inch given it will exact an ell. Walk about with one for ten minutes in the middle of the night "just to quiet the poor little thing," and in a week you will be in good training to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Trot one twice or thrice on your knee and the simulated pony will thereafter be in continual request during the day; until at last, between the equestrian exercise by daylight and the pedestrian feats by gas light, you will be fit for the position of high private in a marching regiment of either infantry or dragoons. Cunning as malicious and malicious as cunning, there is nothing so gratifying to your baby, as to travel at other people's expense, and no full grown Jeremy Diddler ever practiced the art more successfully. There is but one way of escaping the infliction, and that is never to begin. It were easier to shake off ten old men of the Sea, than one infant that has acquired a taste for midnight excursions and diurnal trots. Babies are the most persistent young jockeys that ever rode a free horse to death.

A HINT FOR SHOPPING HUSBANDS.

I never witnessed an execution; but I saw a man the other day, (married he surely was, for there was a button off his shirt-bosom,) trying to select a lace collar from out a dainty cobweb heap, sufficiently perplexing even to a practised female eye. The clumsy way he poised the gauzy things on his fore-finger, with his head askew, trying to comprehend their respective merits! The long, weary sigh he drew, as the shopman handed him new specimens. The look of relief with which he heard *me* inquire for lace collars, saying, as plain as looks could say, Ah, now, thank Heaven, I shall have a woman's view of the subject! The *disinterested* manner in which, with this view, he pushed a stool forward for me to sit down, to watch upon which collar my eye fell complacently, all the while turning over *his* heap in the same idiotic way. Oh, it was funny! Of course I kept him on the anxious seat a little while, persistently holding my tongue, the better to enjoy his dilemma. Didn't he fidget? Men are such impatient wretches; didn't I know that, too?

At length, fearful he might rush out for strychnine, I spake. I descanted upon shape, and texture, and pattern, and upon the probability of their "doing up" well, to all of which my rueful knight listened like a criminal who scents a reprieve. Then I made my selection; then he chose two exactly like mine, before you could wink, and with a sublime gratitude, refused to let the shopman consider the bill that was fluttering in his gloved fingers, "till he had made change for the lady." We understood each other, for there are cases in which words are superfluous. No doubt his wife thought his taste in collars was excellent.

FANNY FERN.

HOMELESS PEOPLE.

To be "without a home" has been rightly considered in all ages the climax of social destitution. It is the plea of pauperism when seeking the shelter provided by public charity, the plaint of squalid misery when warned from the streets at night, the best card of the professional beggar who has made the sympathies of the human heart a study and knows the shortest way to the pockets of the benevolent. And yet there are thousands of families well to do in the world, who are homeless of their own free will. They own *blocks* of homes, but other people live in them, while they themselves are highly respectable vagabonds, having no fixed and permanent abodes. They don't *reside* anywhere—they "stop" at hotels and boarding houses, or "occupy" unhome-like suites of apartments, and "take their meals on the European plan." Unmarried people, who can do no better, must of course billet themselves on the khans and caravansaries; but that married folk, with children about them and plenty of means to support comfortable domestic establishments, should prefer such places to domicils of their own, is something beyond our comprehension. Be assured of one thing—that a *home* is the best place in which to bring up a family. Hotels and Boarding houses are excellent institutions in their way, but they are not the places to train children in. It is not to be denied that servants are sometimes very annoying, that marketing is fatiguing, and that the general cares of housekeeping leave but little leisure for street gossip, shopping and personal decoration; but these should be small matters to the wife and mother who rightly estimates the importance of that best of all primary schools of industry and morals, that conservatory of the affections—a well-regulated, cheerful and quiet home.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future,—either our own, or that of our dear ones. *Present* joys, *present* blessings slip by, and we lose half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeams. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us, every day, by their confiding faith in us? We—who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust;—and He—who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot *we*, slipping our hand in His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that *evening* will bring us sleep, and peace, and *home*. Why toil distrustfully to gather up manna for days yet to come, when every dewey morning shall find it freshly sprinkled at our feet? When we *do* get near "Our Father," how wonderful seems this, our distrust—how our eyes overflow, that we could make so mean a return for that all-embracing, all-bountiful, generous kindness, which is measureless as the ocean, though our short-comings are numerous as its tossing waves.

A PRESIDENTIAL LEVEE.

All of our readers, and the small portion of the rest of mankind, have heard of the semi-monthly assemblages at the White House; but as only one in a thousand of them have assisted thereat, perhaps a brief description of a levee may be interesting. The White House is white indeed. The free stone of which it is built, as stainless now as when it left the quarry, is so utterly white, that the stranger is fain to poke it with his cane to remove from his mind the impression that he is gazing at one of those palaces of painted wood, so common a few years ago, but now happily superceded by a better taste. The edifice, despite the criticism of travelers, is quite a model of solid elegance—a fair, substantial, appropriate and sufficient residence for the head of the Republic. The grounds which surround it, except a little flower garden in the rear and a conservatory, are mere lawn and grove, with scarcely an attempt at decoration. The house stands well back from Pennsylvania Avenue, and the rear faces the broad and tranquil Potomac, the river beloved of Washington, with the unfinished monument to his memory in the foreground.

On the evening of a levee, the President's house, which usually stands pale and dim in the evening light, is in a blaze of gas. The grand rooms in the lower story are all brilliantly lighted, and a row of gas-lights in front imparts to the whole the appearance of an illumination. A band of music, the marine band stationed at Washington, is heard within, giving token of festivity. Carriages in great numbers, driven rapidly in, whirl around the semi-circular approach, and, after leaving their hooped and hooded freight, draw up in a line opposite. Throngs of pedestrian democrats are hurrying along the pavement, and pouring in at the front door, which, on these occasions, stands open to all sorts and conditions of people. There is no card nor introduction necessary. All the ladies and a large majority of the gentlemen are in full dress, but, here and there, may be seen a gentleman whose attire shows him to be a member of the Order of traveling Knights of the Carpet-bag, and who has concluded to drop in upon the President of the United States without going through the aristocratic formalities of blacking his boots, brushing his hair, or buttoning up his coat to conceal the ravages which time and travel have made upon his shirt. But all are made equally welcome—white gloves, and no gloves, the well-shirted, the ill-shirted and the shirtless.

The ante-room into which the visitors are first ushered looks, on such occasions, like a second-hand clothing store in the full tide of successful experiment. Here, hats, coats, canes and umbrellas are given into the custody of the colored porters, who receive them on a long counter, give the requisite checks, and deposit them in rows of boxes, which rise, tier above tier, higher than a man can reach. The bustle, the rows and heaps of clothing, and the counters, all convey the idea that an active trafic in human raiment is going on. At the side, there is a separate apartment where the ladies disengage themselves of their superfluous garments, and bestow upon their loveliness those last, fond, mystic touches, by which they renew that perfect assurance of faith in their charms, which the jolting of a hackney coach is wont to dispel. Thence emerging, they sweep in fluttering majesty, ample in hoop, and radiant with color and expectation, toward the too narrow door of the Reception Room.

Close to that door stands the President, past whom the entire company, in ceaseless procession, marches, each individual shaking hands with the President, and receiving from the President the assurance that he is "glad" to see him. But this is not all. A dry, dead, mechanical shaking of hands, will not do. The art of the *thing is, to so shake hands and so say,* "I am glad to see you," as to actually leave an impression upon every visitor that the President of the United States does, in very truth, experience at the sight of him such lively emotions of joy, that nothing but the pressure of the coming crowd prevents his immediately inviting him into his private room to have a long and affectionate conversation with him upon the glorious Future that lies before us. The Presidential countenance must be clothed in smiles, and must wear those pleasant habiliments all the evening, and he must throw into the grasp of the hand and the agitation of the elbow a certain ecstatic fervor that shall thrill the heart. To do this for a small company is not so difficult, but to keep it up from eight P. M. until midnight is a task before which Candidates should pause and reflect, ere it be too late. The present incumbent of the White House, it must be confessed, acquits himself in scenes like this in a masterly manner. With his ample proportions and courtly grace, his hair whiter than the driven snow, his immaculate suit of black, and his truly august cravat and shirt-collar, he looks every inch a President, and welcomes the people with imposing urbanity.

Passing by the President, the crowd pours itself into the famous East Room, where it continues to eddy in a grand circle, round, and round, and round the large apartment, conversing and listening to the band, until the throng becomes so dense, that motion is nearly impossible. There are officers in full uniform, ladies in gorgeous array, members of Congress, and every-day Republicans, all mingled together in one compact mass. An hour or two of this is felt to be enough, and gradually the crowd diminishes. The East Room is worthy of its reputation. It is a most superb apartment—superb from its fine proportions and great size, rather than from any particular splendor of decoration. It is twenty-two feet high, eighty feet long, and forty feet wide. The ceiling is nicely painted, and the walls are covered with an extremely rich golden paper, which shows magnificently when the chandeliers are lighted. A grand effect is given to the room by the carpet, which is woven in one piece, and on a large, beautiful pattern. Of other furniture, there is none, except a few mirrors, chairs and sofas. The entire floor is unobstructed, except by the line of chairs and sofas along the walls. When this East Room is not too full of people, and shows, here and there, a group of officers and ladies, with some elegant toilettes gracefully disposed on the sofas, the effect is as fine as any interior view can well be, and would alone repay a lover of the picturesque for attending a Presidential levee.

INFORMATION FOR THE YOUNG.

If the children of this generation are not as thoroughly posted in all the mysteries of iniquity as their elders, it is not from lack of popular information on the subject. A flood of light is poured upon every violation of the decalogue, by the reporters of the public press. The worst forms of the worst crimes are portrayed by these gentlemen with Vandyke-like fidelity. Every detail is given with conscientious accuracy, if not in English *undefiled*, at least in the plainest English. It would be wrong perhaps to blame the stenographers. It is their business to be literal, we suppose. But would it not be advisable for Editors to *peruse* the reports before they are committed to print? The testimony in a late disgusting case, brought before one of our city magistrates, transcended in downright obscenity any language to be found in the licentious publications from time to time seized by the police. Why was it suffered to meet the public eye in all its unwashed impurity? Nice sort of mental and moral aliment for boys and girls, truly.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

It is announced in a semi-official way that this unobtrusive and exemplary sect is about to drop its sad colored feathers and assume the parti-colored plumage of the "World's People." Ministers and Elders, whose "birth notes" are of the last century, are not expected to conform to this sumptuary innovation. They, doubtless, will continue to wear collarless coats, cut shad-wise, moth-colored shawls, umbrageous hats and coal-scuttle bonnets, until they are gathered to their fathers and mothers. But "young friends," it seems, have taken decided ground in favor of the popular styles of cutting broadcloth, and other varieties of a like nature. Hoops and crinoline, Paris bonnets, and prismatic silks and satins, have crept into the wardrobes of "young women friends." Sporting coats and pantaloons of patterns denominated "loud," are patronized by "gay friends" of the other sex, and as members cannot be "read out of the society" for weaknesses of this kind, the venerables make a merit of necessity, and submit with the best grace they can. We thought from the hue, or rather hues, of the last yearly meeting in this city, that the drab era of Quakerism was drawing to a close. Thirty years hence, in all probability, Sydney Smith's "drab-colored men of Pennsylvania" will have been numbered with the "last of the cocked-hats."

Let us hope, however, that the principles of Quakerism will outlast its distinctive garb. The society maintains its own poor, and maintains them well. It holds that no law can release a man from the moral obligation to pay his debts, and suspends the membership of a bankrupt until he shall have satisfied his creditors. It sets its face against intemperance and profanity, extravagant living, litigation, and all occupations and enterprises which have nothing useful to recommend them. It takes up its testimony against war, detests man-worship, enforces economy, punctuality, veracity and perseverance. Its church government, and in fact its entire social and religious system, is thoroughly republican, and in the purity and simplicity of their lives the society of Friends will compare favorably with any like number of professing Christians of whatever sect or creed.

As "Friends" have made up their minds to adopt the habiliments of the fashionable world, suppose the fashionable world returns the compliment by adopting the *moral habits* of "Friends." "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

DOCTORS WHO NEVER DISAGREE.

"Pshaw!" says the reader—"Doctors that never disagree, indeed! where will you find them?" "Sir or madam" there are healers outside of the Academies of Medicine. Permit us to introduce to you those three eminent physicians, Doctors Diet, Regimen and Exercise. They derive their diplomas from an institution of which you may have heard—though we confess it is held in small estimation by many of the licentiates of the medical schools—the college of Nature. They are a noble team, and never pull one against the other. Doctor Diet prescribes; Doctor Regimen regulates; Doctor Exercise shakes up the patient in a friendly way, and thus assists digestion. Together they promote that very desirable condition of humanity, indicated by the phrase "a sound mind in a sound body." Probangs may be good—no probangs may be better. In a case where science is divided against itself, it is not for us to decide. But we are quite sure that simple food regularly taken, is promotive of health, and that proper muscular exertion expands and invigorates the lungs and assists digestion. They may not, perhaps, cure consumption, but they often prevent it. For dyspepsia, nervousness, and all that sort of thing, they are (to borrow an expression from the Quack's Vocabulary) "perfectly magical." Permit us then to recommend as family physicians, our old and well beloved medical friends, Doctors Diet, Regimen and Exercise. We have summered and wintered with them, "know them like a book," and can conscientiously endorse them. They exact no fees, have no alliance with the apothecary, and if antiquity is any recommendation of a system, theirs was in successful operation centuries before Hippocrates was made a demigod or Paracelsus begotten. Try them.

KITES.

Kite-flying is not confined to boys. Full-grown people have their kites. In fact, the social atmosphere is full of them all the year round. They are of all sizes, shapes and colors, and like the paper toys of the juveniles, are continually going up and coming down. Some of them, it is true, are so strong and steady of wing, that they tow their owners pleasantly and safely along the stream of life, as Franklin's kite bore him when a boy along the surface of ponds and rivers. Others, like the electrical kite used by the philosopher in after years, are somewhat apt to burn the fingers that hold the strings. The lover's kite is his mistress—frame of whale-bone, cover of silk, string of moonshine—and what a chase the beautiful bauble leads him. Ten to one but he loses it at last. The speculator's kite is a miracle of unsteadiness. It soars, darts, *ricochets*, plunges, whirls, and generally collapses in the end, leaving the unfortunate flyer, with mouth agape and mind distraught, a pitiful spectacle to gods and men. For further particulars inquire in Wall-street, where every variety of this "fancy" article is flown every day. The poet's kite is a brilliant skimmer of the skies sent heavenward from a garret for the admiration of posterity! The kite of intelligent enterprise is the stoutest and steadiest of all. Its flight, like the eagle's, is—

> "Onward and upward, and true to the line."

It is well balanced, never gets too much string, and instead of being chance driven by every breeze, *raises the wind* for itself as it moves along. But for our modesty we could direct attention to a case in point. No matter, the readers of the LEDGER can guess at it.

DEAL GENTLY.

We pity the man or woman who, having been stunned by a great misfortune, staggers forth into the world unaided by any friendly arm, striving courageously to bear up without the sympathy which no human being can long exist and dispense with, and yet cut off from seeking it, or even accepting it, should it come in their way, because explanation or confession would involve a sacrilegious invasion of the heart-history of another. They only who have waded through deep waters of trouble *alone*, know from the deprivation of it the might of human sympathy to roll off the surging billows. But pent-up tears—suppressed groans—a fettered tongue—a throbbing heart with ever an iron hand upon it—God pity such, for He alone knows what they suffer. And so, if we hear a petulant word—or look upon an unsmiling face, or meet no glad response to our wayside mirth—let us not condemn, nor measure grudgingly our kindness even to such. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and we may all unconsciously, in our thoughtlessness, have ridden rough-shod over some prostrate sufferer.

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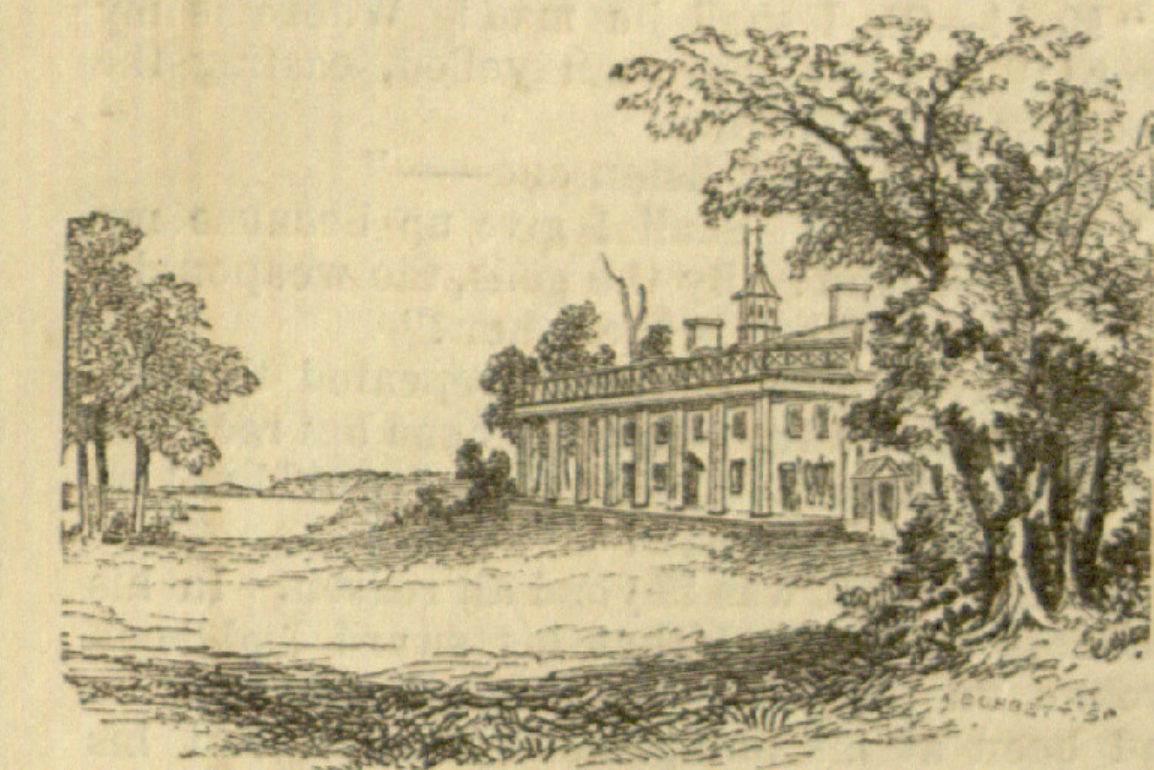
"SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN LIFE."—REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER will deliver a lecture on this subject, next Monday evening, the 14th of March, at the Westminster Church (Rev. Dr. McCartee's) in Twenty-second street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues. We will guarantee that everybody who goes to hear this lecture will "keep his eyes and ears open" during its delivery.



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's Motto.*

No. Twelve.

WASHINGTON'S DIARY.

Washington's entrance into Boston involved, to some extent, a question of State rights—Major Russell's account inexact—General Washington's own account—Gov. Hancock abandons his ground and calls first on the President—Termination of the affair—Oratorio—Dinner at Fanueil Hall—The President requested to sit for his portrait—Postponement of the music at the Oratorio—Duck Manufactory described—Card Manufactory—Visit to the French vessels of war—Departure from Boston and continuation of the journey—Letter to Mr. Taft at Uxbridge.

The entrance of the President into Boston is the most important event mentioned in the Diary, inasmuch as it assumed, to some extent, the form of an issue between State Rights and Federal precedency. We have already seen that Governor Hancock invited the President to be his guest, during his visit to Boston. The President, in reply to this invitation, said "from a wish to avoid giving trouble to private families, I determined, on leaving New York, to decline the honor of any invitations to quarters, which I might receive while on my journey; and, with a view to observe this rule, I had requested a gentleman to engage lodgings for me during my stay in Boston." On the receipt of this letter, Governor Hancock despatched a second express to the President, inviting him and his suite to an informal dinner on his arrival in Boston. This invitation met the President at Weston and was accepted.

Thus far all seems to have proceeded harmoniously, at least to outward appearance. Major Russell, however, the veteran Editor of the Columbian Centinel, and one of the committee of arrangements for the reception of the President, states in an interesting letter to Mr. Sparks (vol. x. p. 491) that a collision of opinion and design existed from the first between Governor Hancock and the Committee of the Citizens. These two parties, according to the Major, made arrangements independently of each other, and without mutual consultation; the Governor as we have seen, inviting the President to be his guest;—the Citizens informing him that they had made provision for his accommodation. Major Russell represents that the express sent by the Citizens reached the President first, and that their invitation was accepted. This is inexact. The Governor's invitation was received at Brookfield and declined; that of the Citizens reached the President the day after at Worcester, but he had previously informed the Governor that he should go to Lodgings. The dissatisfaction of Governor Hancock did not therefore, as Major Russell supposed, arise from his having been anticipated by the Citizens, such not having been the fact.

Major Russell states another fact at variance with the uniform tradition. He says that the Governor "claimed the right of receiving and welcoming *in person* the expected guest, on his arrival at the boundary of the Capital. The Committee on their part, contended, that, as the President was then about to enter the town it was the delegated right of the Municipal authorities to receive and bid him welcome; that it was in their opinion, the right and duty of the Governor to have met the guest at the boundary of the State over which he presided, and there to have received and bid him welcome to the hospitalities of the Commonwealth."

This was in Major Russell's recollection, the matter in controversy; and he further represents that, as the President was approaching the town, "both authorities remained in their carriages, while the aids and Marshals were rapidly posting between them. Both contended that the point of etiquette was on their side. The day was unusually cold and murky. The President with the Secretary had been mounted for a considerable time on the *Neck*, waiting to enter the town. He made enquiry of the cause of the delay, and on receiving information of the *important* difficulty, is said to have expressed impatience. Turning to Major Jackson, his Secretary, he asked, 'Is there no other avenue to the town?' And he was in the act of turning his charger, when he was informed that the controversy was over, and that he would be received by the Municipal authorities."

There must, however, be much inaccuracy in this account, written after an interval of forty-four years. That a tedious delay took place is no doubt true; it is rarely wanting on occasion of extensive civic and military processions. But that Governor Hancock claimed the right of receiving the President *in person* at the entrance of the town, and was even struggling with the city authorities for an hour or two to effect that object, while the President was kept waiting, is in the highest degree improbable in itself, as it is contrary to the uniform tradition, and wholly inconsistent with the fact that, in two or three hours afterwards, the Governor sent a message to the President that he was too ill to call upon him at his lodgings. General Sullivan states that during the detention, which, from whatever cause, undoubtedly took place at the entrance of Boston, the President was exposed to a raw northeast wind, by which exposure he was visited by a severe cold. Many other persons were exposed and affected in like manner, and the affection became so general as to be called the "Washington Influenza." General Washington rode on a white charger, with his hat off, not bowing to the spectators as he passed, but sitting his horse with a calm dignified air. The following is the President's own account of his *entrée*, in which the reader will perceive that there is no mention of any such collision of authorities as Major Russell records,—a circumstance too remarkable, one would think, to have been omitted had it taken place.

"To pass over the Minutiæ of the arrangements for this purpose, it may suffice to say that at the entrance I was welcomed by the Selectmen in a body. Then following the Lieut. Gov'r and Council in the order we came from Cambridge, (preceded by the Town Corps, very handsomely dressed,) we passed through the Citizens classed in their different professions, and under their own banners, till we came to the State House [the old State House at the head of State Street]; from which across the Street an Arch was thrown; in the front of which was this Inscription—'To the Man who unites all hearts'—and on the other—'To Columbia's favorite Son'—and on one side thereof next the State House, in a pannel decorated with a trophy, composed of the Arms of the United States—of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and our French Allies, crowned with a wreath of Laurel, was this Inscription—'Boston relieved March 17th, 1776.' This Arch was handsomely ornamented, and over the Centre of it a Canopy was erected 20 feet high, with the American Eagle perched on the top. After passing through the Arch, and entering the State House, at the So. End and ascending to the upper floor and returning to a Balcony at the No. End; three cheers were given by a vast concourse of people who by this time had assembled at the Arch—then followed an ode composed in honor of the President; and well sung by a band of select singers—after this three Cheers—followed by the different Professions and Mechanics in the order they were drawn up with their colors through a lane of People, which had thronged about the Arch under which they had passed. The Streets, the Doors, windows and tops of the Houses were crowded with well-dressed Ladies and Gentlemen. The procession being over, I was conducted to my lodgings at a Widow Ingersoll's, (which is a very decent and good house) by the Lieut. Govr. & Council—accompanied by the Vice-President, where they took leave of me. Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the Govr. today, but under a full persuasion that he would have waited upon me so soon as I should have arrived—I excused myself, upon his not doing it, and informing me thro' his Secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it, *being resolved to receive the visit.* Dined at my Lodgings, where the Vice President favored me with his Company."

It is plain from the clause italicized, that it was the understanding of the President that the Governor deemed himself entitled to receive the first visit, as Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, which the President, on the contrary, thought due to himself as the Chief Magistrate of the whole United States, Massachusetts included. There is no doubt, that Governor Hancock entertained this opinion conscientiously. Had he firmly adhered to it, testifying in every other respect, all possible consideration for the President of the United States, his opinion, though most persons at the present day, as then, would probably deem it erroneous, would have been entitled to respect, certainly as held by so distinguished a revolutionary patriot. His friends however, Mr. Sparks informs us, held a consultation with the Governor in the evening, and in compliance with their advice he wrote the following not very well expressed note to General Washington the next day.

"Sunday 26 October, half-past Twelve o'clock.

"The Governor's best respects to the President. If at home and at leisure, the Governor will do himself the honor to pay his respects in half an hour. This would have been done much sooner, had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything as respects his health, for the desirable purpose."

To this note the President returned the following reply:

"The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him, that he shall be at home till two o'clock.

"The President need not express the pleasure which it will give him to see the Governor; but at the same time he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion."

The Diary of Sunday acquaints us with the result of these communications.

"Sunday, 25th. Attended Divine Service at the Episcopal Church whereof Doctor Parker is the Incumbent," [Trinity Church, in Summer Street] "in the forenoon, and the Congregational Church of Mr. Thacher" [in Brattle Street] "in the Afternoon. Dined at my lodgings with the Vice President. Mr. Bowdoin accompanied me to both Churches. Between the two I received a visit from the Govr., who assured me that indisposition alone prevented his doing it yesterday, that he was still indisposed; but as it had been suggested that he expected to *receive* the visit of the President, which he knew was improper, he was resolved at all haz'ds to pay his compliments today. The Lieut. Gov'r and two of the Council, to wit, Heath and Russell, were sent here last night to express the Gov'rs concern that he had not been in a condition to call upon me so soon as I came to town. I informed them in explicit terms that I should not see the Gov'r unless it was at my own lodgings."

These lodgings were in the house still standing, at the corner of Court street and Tremont street, now occupied as a grocery on the ground floor, with lawyers' offices above. As a dwelling house it was one of highly respectable appearance and character for that day.

The Diary for the following day records the sad consequence of the detention and exposure of the President on entering the town. It will be observed that he calls the war of the revolution "the dispute with Great Britain." This was frequently done by the worthies of that day, reserving the name of "War" for the struggle between England and France of 1756.

"Monday 26. The day being rainy and stormy, myself much disordered by a cold and inflammation in the left eye, I was prevented from visiting Lexington (where the first blood in the dispute with G. Britain was drawn). Rec'd the compliments of many visitors to-day. Mr. Dalton and Gen'l Cobb dined with me, and in the evening [I] drank Tea with Gov'r Hancock and called upon Mr. Bowdoin on my return to my lodgings."

Thus terminated an affair without serious consequences and without scandal, which at the moment assumed an alarming character, and might with less judicious counsel have resulted in permanent mischief.

The events of Tuesday and Wednesday, the remaining days of Washington's visit to Boston, are given in the words of the Diary:

"Tuesday 27th. At 10 o'clock in the morning, received the visits of the Clergy of the town. At 11 went to an Oratorio—and between that and 3 o'clock rec'd the Addresses of the Governor and Council—of the Town of Boston—of the President &c of Harvard College, and the Cincinnati of the State; after wch at 3 o'clock at a large and elegant Dinner at Fanueil Hall, given by the Gov'r and Council and spent the evening at my Lodgings. When the Committee from the Town presented their Address it was accompanied with a request (in behalf they said of the Ladies) that I would sit to have my Picture taken for the Hall, that others might be copied from it for the use of their respective families. As all the next day was assigned to various purposes, and I was engaged to leave town on Thursday early, I informed them of the impracticability of my doing this, but that I would have it drawn when I returned to New York, if there was a good painter there—or by Mr. Trumbull when he should arrive, and would send it to them."

A slight mishap occurred at the Oratorio. On account of the indisposition of several of the first performers, (as stated in the Centinel of the following day,) the music was postponed for a week. "Several pieces, however, were given which merited and received applause"! Of this rather serious drawback to the success of an Oratorio, viz.: the postponement of the music in consequence of the indisposition of several of the principal performers, all mention is kindly omitted in the Diary.

"Wednesday 28th. Went, after an early breakfast, to visit the duck manufactory, which appeared to be carrying on with spirit, and in a prosperous way. They have manufactured 32 pieces of Duck of 30 or 40 yds. each in a week, and expect in a short time to increase it to They have 28 looms at work, and 14 Girls spinning with Both hands, (the flax being fastened to their Waist.) Children (girls) turn the wheels for them, and with this assistance each spinner can turn out 14 lbs. of Thread pr. day when they stick to it, but as they are paid by the piece, or work they do, there is no other restraint upon them but to come at 8 o'clock in the morning, and return at 6 in the evening. They are daughters of decayed families, and are girls of character—none others are admitted. The number of hands now employed in the different parts of the work is but the Managers expect to increase them to This is a work of public utility and private advantage. From hence I went to the Card Manufactory, where I was informed about 900 hands of one kind and for one purpose or another—all kinds of Cards are made; and there are Machines for executing every part of the work in a new and expeditious man'r, especially in cutting and bending the teeth, wch. is done at one stroke. They have made 63.000 pr. of Cards in a year, and can undersell the imported Cards—nay Cards of this Manufactury have been smuggled into England. At 11 o'clock I embarked on board the barge Illustrious, Captn. Penthere Gion, and visited his ship and the Superb, another 74 Gun Ship in the Harbour of Boston, about 4 miles below the Town. Going and coming I was saluted by the two frigates which lye near the wharves, and by the 74s after I had been on board of them. I was also saluted going and coming by the fort on Castle Isld. After my return I dined in a large Company at Mr. Bowdoin's, and went to the Assembly in the evening, where (it is said) there were upwards of 100 Ladies. Their appearance was elegant, and many of them very handsome; the room is small but neat and well ornamented."

The President left Boston the following morning. His departure was fixed at eight o'clock. As that hour was striking, he was seen in the door-way of his lodgings, and at the last stroke of the clock he started with his suite. The troop of Cavalry appointed to escort him did not overtake him till nearly arrived at Charlestown Bridge. On his way to Salem he visited Harvard College, where he expressed the opinion, from the inspection of the drawing, that the inscription on Dighton rock, is the work of our aborigines. From Cambridge he passed through Malden, Lynn and Marblehead to Salem, where he remained over night. On the 30th he proceeded to Newburyport and lodged there. From Newburyport the following day he proceeded to Portsmouth and remained there till Wednesday the 4th of November, when he started on the return through Exter, Haverhill, Bradford, Andover, Wilmington, Watertown, Needham, Sherborne, Holliston and Uxbridge. Here he lodged at "one Taft's," where, "though the people were obliging the entertainment was not very inviting." The following letter written to Mr. Taft from Hartford, the second day after lodging at his house, places the gentler qualities of Washington's character in a very pleasing light. The person referred to by the name of Polly is still living.

"Hartford, 8 Nov: 1789.

Sir—Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about it the better you will please me; but, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

I should have been pleased to be able to extend this review and abstract of President Washington's diary, but I have already appropriated to it as much space, as can be given up to one subject. The extracts submitted to the reader will, if I mistake me, throw some new light on his character, shewing that he was as exact and methodical, as considerate and gentle, in the private relations and minor duties of life, as he was grand and heroic in its great emergencies. An edition of the diary for general circulation, fully accompanied with notes, and illustrated with accounts of his progress, the addresses made to him and his replies, and the other incidents of his reception, would be a highly valuable contribution to History.

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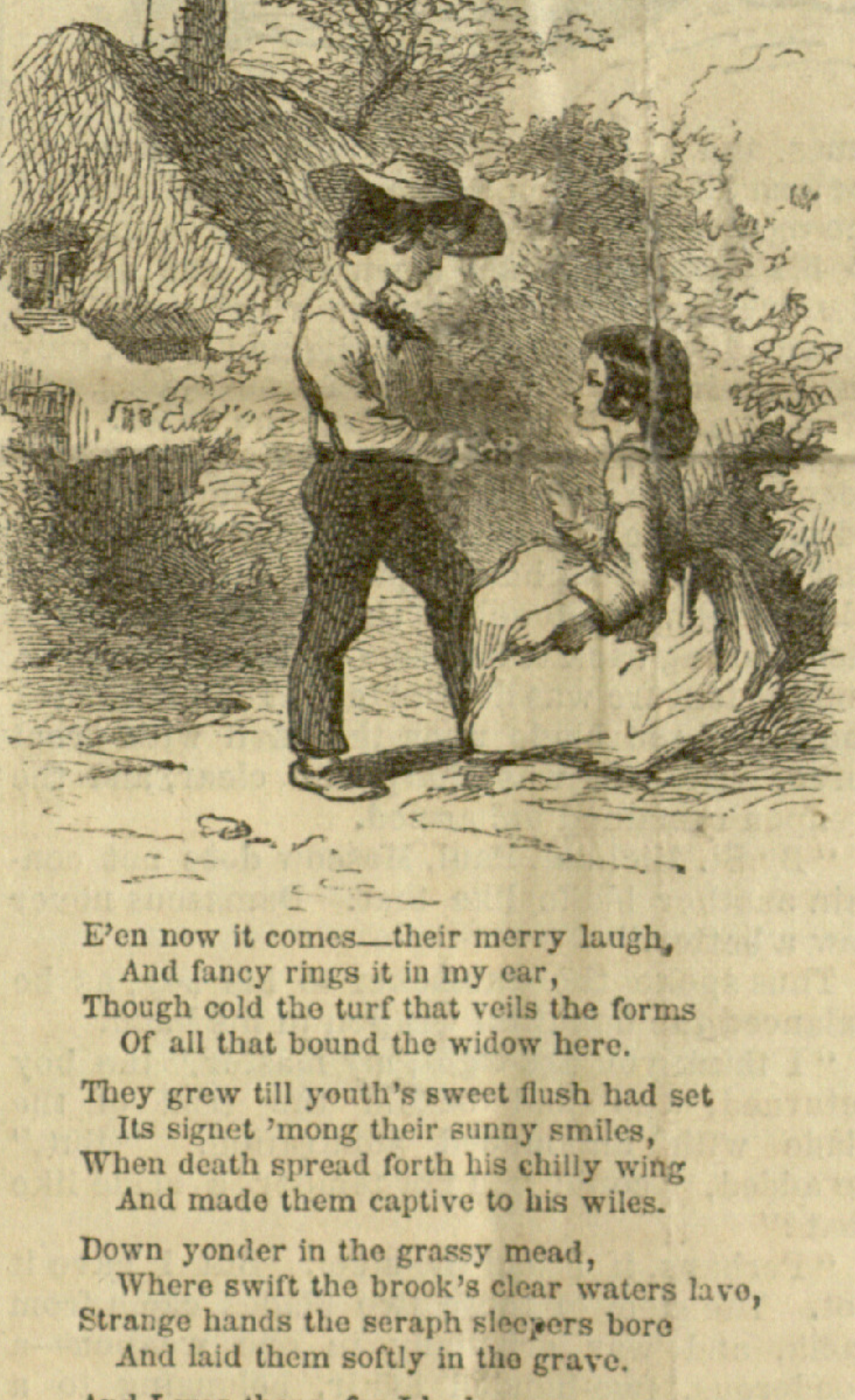
BALLAD.

BY C. D. STUART.

It was a cottage thatched and low
Which stood neglected by the way,
Where often round the widow's door
In summer hours I used to play.

And well, ah! I remember well
The two sweet babes, her only joy;
And how they grew like tender flowers,
A fair-haired girl—a gentle boy.



E'en now it comes—their merry laugh,
And fancy rings it in my ear,
Though cold the turf that veils the forms
Of all that bound the widow here.

They grew till youth's sweet flush had set
Its signet 'mong their sunny smiles,
When death spread forth his chilly wing
And made them captive to his wiles.

Down yonder in the grassy mead,
Where swift the brook's clear waters lave,
Strange hands the seraph sleepers bore
And laid them softly in the grave.

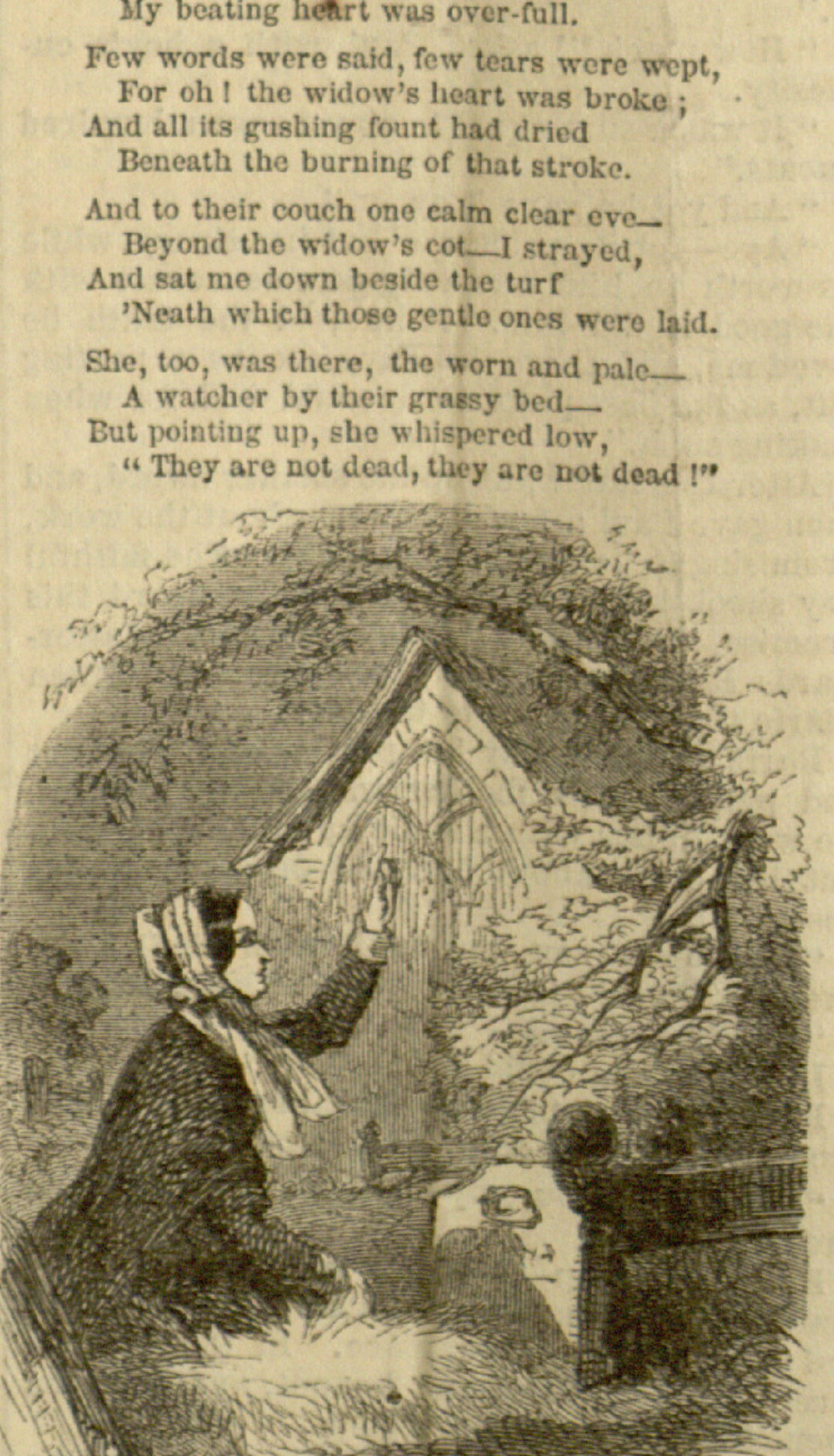
And I was there, for I had seen
Their blooming cheeks from day to day,
Had rocked them in their cradle-bed
Who now beneath the willows lay.

Like two twin buds the frost had nipt,
Their sleep was calm and beautiful,
And as I knelt above their grave
My beating heart was over-full.

Few words were said, few tears were wept,
For oh! the widow's heart was broke;
And all its gushing fount had dried
Beneath the burning of that stroke.

And to their couch one calm clear eve—
Beyond the widow's cot—I strayed,
And sat me down beside the turf
'Neath which those gentle ones were laid.

She, too, was there, the worn and pale—
A watcher by their grassy bed—
But pointing up, she whispered low,
"They are not dead, they are not dead!"



I looked, and lo! between the clouds
Two silvery stars were peering bright,
And something like an angel said,
"They dwell beyond in glory light."

A year, and sleeping side by side
The widow and her children lay,
And grass and flowers above them grew
Where summer winds were wont to play.

Oft wandering there, my heart would turn
To those dear words the widow said,
And I repeated o'er their grave,
"They are not dead, they are not dead!"

For lo! I saw through opening clouds
One silvery light had joined the twain;
It was the widow's evening star—
For she was with her own again

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Eight.

MEN NEED WHAT THEY DO NOT WANT.

If one will take the trouble to watch his own mind, or—what he will find to be a great deal more natural—to watch the conduct of his neighbors, he will observe how readily men listening to discourse believe more firmly what they believed before, and allow themselves to be influenced in regard to the very qualities in which they are already the strongest and most active.

Men love to read "on their own side," to hear the things which they already believe enforced with new arguments; to hear their ministers, or political speakers, praise the things in which already they are fully established. But they are seldom willing to hear another side, to have enforced the truths which they do not believe, and the qualities which they do not possess. In this way men grow narrow. They intensify their opinions rather than enlarge their knowledge; and become selfish and bigotted.

If I were to urge the benefits of an easy and good-natured contentment in life, the anxious and the careful would shake their heads, and fear that these qualities would lead to carelessness and mischief. Whereas, all the heedless and jovial, who live for one day at a time, and never provide for to-morrow, would jump at the doctrine and rejoice in its wisdom. But the ones who refused it were most in need of it, and those who accept it do not need it at all.

If I urge the claims of sobriety and foresight, those who are already too anxious about the future, and too sober for the present, will listen eagerly, and nod approval, and talk all the way home of the wisdom of my speech. But it was not for their sakes that this truth was propounded, but for the careless, giggling, heedless creatures who take none of it to themselves. If I praise generosity, they who are already carelessly generous, receive a fresh impulse in that direction. If I exhort to frugality and economy, all the shrewd and close-managing men in the congregation repeat the words, and nudge their neighbors, and look around exulting. But if I sharply expose the meanness of being penurious and stingy, all the parsimonious men are deaf, while the spendthrifts fairly laugh out with approbation.

When I inveigh against pride, the proud are the last that take it; but if I expound the benefits of a firm self-reliance and self-respect, all those already too strong in self-esteem, straiten up, and say, amen!

Men strengthen each other in their faults. Those who are alike associate together; repeat the things which all believe, defend and stimulate their common faults of disposition, and each one receives from the others a reflection of his own egotism. If the slow and prudent would go with the sanguine and zealous, the respective faults of each would be mutually corrective. If the timid and the courageous would walk together, one would rise toward firmness and the other sink a little back from rashness. Men of a practical mind, who regard the imagination with contempt, are just the men that ought to associate with imaginative people, and clothe their barrenness with some beauty, and gain that finer insight which the imagination gives to the understanding.

People naturally select those companions who please rather than those who profit them most, and gratify their conceit at the expense of improvement.

There is manifest a wisdom in the Divine Order of society; men are thrown together without regard to their affinities and preferences. The old and young, the gay and sober, the thriftless and frugal, the selfish and generous, the poor and the rich, the high and the low, all dispositions, all pursuits, all sides of belief of all sorts, secular things and religious, authority and lawlessness, knowledge and ignorance, riches and poverty, cheerfulness and gloom, hopefulness and despondency, the nimble and the sluggish, the quick-seeing and the dull-eyed, all are thrown together into the vast compound of human society, and made by their *interests* to defer one to another, to wait upon each other, to give up their own preferences, to respect in others traits which they do not themselves possess. And so, the Divine Wisdom has made human life to be a school and educatory discipline. And we are not to regard it as our misfortune that we must mix with men and feel all their humors, and carry some part of their follies as burdens. No schoolmaster could teach men as much wisdom as those things do which men count it a misfortune to meet or to endure! And all the dreams and aspirations which men entertain, of retiring from society, of getting out from life into some secluded nook, are not only unwise, but contrary to the ordinance of Divine Providence. For men need men. And while it is *pleasanter* to meet men whose likeness to ourselves shall flatter our vanity or pride, it is *better* to be obliged to associate with those who will teach us new things, or even with those whose very faults will induce patience, forbearance and philanthropy.

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ODD BOOKS AND ODD QUALITIES.

A witty auctioneer, once put up a package of odds and ends at a book-auction, as follows: "Here, gentlemen, is a lot of odd volumes, consisting of—let me see—Plutarch's Lives, Daboll's Arithmetic, Bacon's Essays, Aristotle's Ethics, American Almanac—*and other works of a kindred character.* Now, gentlemen, what bid have I for this valuable collection?"

Some men's character's seem to resemble such a packet. There are good things in them—very good. But the elements that make them up are odd and ill-assorted. There is no common bond, no single aim, no commanding principle, in a word, no *unity* to harmonize and concentrate the whole, and inspire the beholder with that sentiment of respect and admiration which we never feel save in the presence of *harmony*, whether it be of material or of moral things. The bond that holds these heterogeneous qualities together is a good deal like the bit of twine that surrounded the auctioneer's bundle. It is a mere outward and circumstantial affair. There is nothing of that moral identity, those deep, mutual relations which are the result of a dominant principle and a high aim, to the attainment of which all the powers are directed. On the contrary, a harmonious and well developed character, thus poised and directed by its own inward forces, is through all its various manifestations, like *one work in many volumes*, each of which hightens the interest and completes the significance of the rest.

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THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

After a brief but noisy triumph, the pulse of the Atlantic cable is stilled. The willing lightning waits idly at its termini—the hemispheres no longer thrill in unison. Down in the sunless depths, spanning coral Cordilleras and awful gorges of darkness, in a realm of Cimmerian night, lies the slender cord that was to have brought the nations in close communion—cord baptized by water and by fire—making the lightest central thought vocal to the circumference of the globe. There it lies, wounded and dumb, while the world's soul is surcharged with messages of life and death, of clamorous joy and wailing sorrow—world's soul, so long particled by seas, and deserts, and walls, and wildernesses; by elements fiercer than Typhoons or Hyrcanian boars; yet, ever surging and sobbing to flow together. There it lies, mocking the mightiest hope that ever dawned in the heart of man—mocking in the very hour of its fruition. There it lies, as if stunned to silence by the immeasurable solitude it interpierces—by the inexplicable mysteries it underlies. There it lies, burthened with Almighty secrets, which man may not know till the sea gives up its dead. There it lies, enshrining an eternal memory—stupendous above the memories of pyramid and Sphynx. There it lies, heedless of leviathan; heedless of hurrying keels; heedless of tide, of thundering surf, of tempest and of wreck. Sail on, tiniest nautilus, thou art yet a lordlier master of the deep than man! Sail on, the lightnings cannot trip thee from the nether depths. Sail on, as thou didst, ere the first mariner was born; as thou didst, afore the prows of the Iarls, and of the world-discovering Genoese! Yet shall man triumph, under and over the sea! Yon silent cable is the prophecy of grander success. Its mightier co-mate shall break the fathomless solitude, and the thought of man shall flow to the foundation of the globe. Speed on, all swift messengers that exult now—speed on, ere a swifter outspeeds you all! For the lightnings wait—fierce and terrible lightnings, yet submissive to man, and led by tiniest wires and strings; and whither they shall flash his thought, only the Omnipresent may follow.

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OCCUPATIONS.

Of the occupations which man pursues for a livelihood, those which are simplest are the best for his health and peace, so long as their product answers all his honest needs. More of the wrong traits of human character spring from false, or uncongenial, occupation, than from inherent sources, and it will be found upon observing carefully that men, as a general rule, are ingenuous in their speech, unsophisticated in their manners, and frank and direct in their dealings, in proportion as their life-pursuits are simple. And as man is never so noble in his ordinary character, as when he puts on the least mask and artifice, speaking what he thinks and acting what he feels, with an earnestness that inspires faith in his sincerity, it cannot be difficult to demonstrate that this unpatented nobility is more natural to the life of the farmer, the artizan, the mechanic, or the man of whatever useful labor, that has a fixed and simple rule.

A greater manliness is the necessary outgrowth of these open occupations. He who follows them, plainly tells in his labor what he is about, and commits its value to the common judgment. He need not fly to subtleties of speech, like the lawyer; nor disgrace his practice, like the physician; nor hide the defects, or exaggerate the virtues of his wares, like the merchant. Their avocations, of a necessity natural or acquired, require an address which is too often allied with craft and cunning, and which, though it may scorn open falsehood, does not disdain duplicity and deceit. The occupation of the trader, of whatever class, is vastly more inspiring of selfishness and craft, than that of the producer of the thing traded in. This is apparent to the commonest observation.

How unwisely do multitudes of parents, if they desire the greatest good for them, select the life-occupations of their children. And multitudes of men do not select with more wisdom for themselves. If, instead of health of body and peace of mind, the greatest worldly gain and notoriety were the grand desideratum, then the more craft and chicane, the better the occupation. But this, with the more reflecting, will not be the rule so long as simpler means can be made to answer every rational need of life.

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AN ICE-MIRACLE.

Whoever in the region of country round about this city, within at least a circuit of fifty miles, on the morning of February 4th, looked out upon orchard or wooded landscape, or even upon single tree or shrub, saw one of those grand miracles of nature, under the hand of God, which can but fill the intelligent soul with wonder and delight. In the dark of the night, the Frost-spirit had come upon the track of a softly falling rain, and bound it as a glittering vesture upon every visible thing. The whole earth seemed sheeted in ice—crystals of ice scattered in incalculable profusion—and every tree and shrub shot up spires and pinnacles of more than jeweled splendor, sparkling and flashing in the sun, as it were a sea of diamonds.

It was altogether an indescribable spectacle. Through a whole sunny day, scarce a tree lost a pendent from its icy crown, but all stood in crytal verdure clad, as if to show man how vain and pitiful are his proudest shows and decorative arts, compared with the invisible hand of God, as displayed in that ice-miracle. So great was the burthen of splendor, that many a tall tree, especially of the birches, bowed its coronetted head to the very earth—bowed and yet was unbroken, so gently had the burthen descended upon it. Never saw the oldest of living men a more gorgeous sight of the kind—it surpassed the visions of the weirdest fancy.

The oracular speak of it as the forerunner of fruitful orchards—of an abundant fruit season. To our eyes, it had a present beauty and glory, sublimer than all its possible prophecies. And scarcely had the ice vanished, ere the feathery snow began to fall, and another morning unveiled the work of another night, only less gorgeous than the miracle of the ice. O the lightness, the whiteness, the brightness of the new-fallen snow! Earth and air seem fresher and purer from its touch. What miracle could be wrought for the wonder of man, more marvelous than the earth sheeted in ice, or the earth shrouded in snow?

◆

PETER FUNK.

Who has not heard of Peter Funk, one of the native and peculiar human-institutions of New York? Peter Funk, the eccentric broker in green specs, or goggles, or without, as will best sharpen his vision to detect a flat, or facilitate his operations thereupon. Is there the verdant one among us who has not seen this redoubtable Peter behind his red flag, in the midst of his decoys, crying "going, going!" in a tone so earnest and pitiful that one might fancy his work not only a "sheriff's sale," but possibly the sale of the last shirt of the last man? How many New Yorkers, if they would own up, might tell of "personal experience" touching this same Peter, while of Johnny Raws from abroad, who will reckon the host who have done memorable business with him. What bargains in hardware and jewelry might Peter himself record were he not a very Job Trotter of simplicity and modesty.

Well, who is this Peter Funk, whose voice is heard by every pedestrian in our streets—whose name figures so often in newspapers and Police reports—whose reputation is so equivocal, and his persistance of existence so dauntless and deathless? Why, he is a generally sharp and well-looking fellow, capable of infinite disguises, who traffics with the public to get the most possible money for the least possible wares. He is a floating merchant, ready to hoist his flag there, when it fails here, and whom no check, or even arrest, can put down. He deals in just what he doesn't pretend to deal in—if he says gold, it is brass—if he says steel, it is shiny iron or pewter, or something worse. His whole trade is to cheat, take in, do brown, skin alive, chouse, or whatever other vulgar term implies swindling. But, though this is daily advertised of him, he finds customers in plenty. This is the Peter Funk who is so infamously famous in and out of New York.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHALLENGE.

In the afternoon Ruric retired to his shop, where he went to work upon a gun which had been ordered some days before. As yet he had said nothing to Paul, concerning the affair of the day before, since his return from the Kremlin. He asked him now, however, if any one had called.

“Only the monk,” returned Paul, without seeming to consider that there was anything very important in the visit.

“Do you mean the black monk—Valdimir?”

“Yes, my master. He called here about the middle of the forenoon. He wanted one of the small daggers with the pearl haft.”

“And did you let him have one?”

“Certainly. He paid me four ducats for it, and would have paid more had I been willing to take it.”

“And did he make any conversation?”

“Yes. He asked me why the Count Damonoff came here yesterday.”

“Ha—. How did he know of their visit?”

“He was waiting at the inn for a sledge, and he overheard the Count and his companion conversing upon the subject.”

“And did he ask you any questions touching the particulars?”

“Yes—many.”

“And how answered you?”

“I told him the whole story, from beginning to end. I found he knew something of their purpose from what he accidentally overheard, and rather than have him go away full of surmises, I told him all.”

“Of the message, too?”

“Yes, my master. I told him all that happened, from the showing of the paper which the Duke had drawn up, to the departure of the angry man.”

“And what did the monk say?” Ruric asked, very earnestly.

“Why—he said he knew the Count, and that he was a proud, reckless fellow, and worth but little to society. That was all. He did not seem to care much about it any way; only he said he should have done just as you did, and that every law of justice would bear you out. He had more curiosity than interest, though I am sure all his sympathies are with you.”

“Very well,” returned Ruric. “It can matter but little what the monk thinks about it, though I would rather have him know the truth if he must know anything, for I would not be misunderstood.”

“He understands it all now, my master; and I trust you are not offended at the liberty I took in telling him.”

“Not at all, Paul—not at all.”

Here the conversation dropped, and the work was resumed in silence. It was past three o'clock when Ruric's mother came and informed him that a gentleman, in the house, would speak with him.

“Is it Stephen Urzen?” asked the youth.

His mother said it was.

“Then bid him come out here.”

Claudia retired, and in a few moments more the gentleman made his appearance.

“Ruric Nevel,” he said, bowing very stiffly and haughtily, “I bring a message from the Count Damonoff.”

“Very well, sir,” answered the gunmaker, proudly, “I am ready to receive it.”

Thereupon Urzen drew a sealed note from his pocket and handed it to Ruric, who took it and broke the seal. He opened it, and read as follows:

“RURIC NEVEL:—An insult of the most aggravating nature has for the time levelled all distinctions of caste between us. Your blood alone can wash out the stain. I would not murder you outright, and in no other way but this can I reach you. My friend, the bearer of this, will make all arrangements. If you dare not meet me, say so, that all may know who is the coward. DAMONOFF.”

When Ruric had read the missive he crushed it in his hand, and gazed its bearer some moments in the face without speaking.

“Will you answer?” asked Urzen. He spoke more softly than before, for he saw something in the gunmaker's face which he dared not provoke.

“Are you acquainted with Alaric Orsa, a lieutenant of the guard?”

“Yes, sir—I know him well.”

“Then let me refer you to him. He will make all necessary arrangements, and I shall hold myself bound by his plans. I trust that is satisfactory.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then you and I need have no more to say.”

“Only on one point,” said Urzen, with some little show of confusion. “You are the challenged party, and you will have the choice of weapons. The Count has not mentioned this—mind you, he has not; but I, as his friend, deem it no more than right to speak of it.—I trust you will choose a gentleman's weapon. In the use of the pistol, or the gun, he is not versed.”

“While you imagine I am,” said Ruric, with a contemptuous curl of the lip; for he knew that the man was lying. He could see by the fellow's very looks that Damonoff had commissioned him to broach this matter.

“Of course you are,” returned Urzen.

“And the Count is most excellently versed in the use of the sword, is he not?”

“He is accounted a fair swordsman.”

“Aye—so I thought. But it matters not to me. The idea had not entered my mind before, save that I supposed swords would be the only weapons thought of. However, Orsa will settle it with you. I have given him no directions at all, save to serve me as he thinks proper, and to act upon the understanding that if I have given offense to the Count, I would do the same again under provocation. You understand now!”

“I do, sir,” replied Urzen, in a choking tone.

“Then wait a moment, and I will give you a message to Orsa.”

Thus speaking Ruric went to his desk, and upon the bottom of the missive he had received from the Count he wrote:

“DEAR ALARIC:—I send this to you by the same hand that bore it to me, and you are hereby empowered to act for me as you may deem proper. I shall be governed strictly by your arrangements. RURIC.”

Having written this he showed it to Urzen, and asked him if he would bear it to the lieutenant. An affirmative reply was given, and then simply folding the note in the opposite way from the original fold, the gunmaker superscribed it anew to the lieutenant, and handed it to his visitor. Urzen took it, and with a stiff bow, but without speaking, he turned and left the place.

That evening, about eight o'clock, a sledge drove up to Ruric's door, and Alaric Orsa entered the house. He called the youth aside, and informed him that the arrangements had all been made.

“Damonoff is in a hurry,” he said, “and we have appointed the meeting at ten o'clock tomorrow forenoon. It will take place at the bend of the river just beyond the Viska Hill.”

“And the weapons?” asked Ruric.

“Swords,” returned Orsa. “The Count will bring his own, and he gives you the privilege of selecting such an one as you choose.”

“I thank you, Alaric, for your kindness thus far, and you may rest assured that I shall be prompt.”

“Suppose I call here in the morning for you?” suggested the visitor.

“I should be pleased to have you do so.”

“I will, then. I shall be along in good season with my sledge, and we will both reach the ground together.”

Thus it was arranged, and then Orsa took his leave.

When Ruric rerurned to his seat by the fireplace he noticed that his mother watched him narrowly, and with more than ordinary interest. He had once made up his mind that he would say nothing to his mother about the affair until it was over; but as the time was set, and the hour drew nigh, his mind wavered. When it was over where might he be! But he was cut short in his reflections by the voice of his parent.

“Ruric,” she said, and her voice trembled while she spoke, “you will pardon me for prying into your affairs, but I cannot hide from myself that something of more than usual moment is on the tapis with you. Why are these men calling to and fro? and why are you so thoughtful and moody? You know a mother's feelings—and you will pardon a mother's anxiety.”

“Surely, my mother,” the youth replied, gazing up for a moment, and then letting his eyes droop again. At length he resumed—“I had made up my mind to tell you all ere you spoke.”

There was something deep and significant in Ruric's tone, and his mother quickly caught the spark.

“What is it?” she tremblingly asked, moving her chair nearer to her child's side.

“Listen:” the young man said; and thereupon he detailed the circumstances attending the visit of the Count Damonoff to his shop. Then he told of his own visit to Rosalind, and its result; and then of the visit of Stephen Urzen.

“And now, my mother,” he added, without waiting for any reply, “you know it all. You see how I am situated. Remember, our nation has reached its present point by successful war. The soul of the nation is built upon military honor, and since our noble Emperor has opened the way of advancement to the lowest of his subjects who are brave and true, the coward is looked upon with disgust upon all hands. Yet, my mother, I would have you speak.”

For some moments Claudia Nevel was silent. But at length she said, while a tear glistened in her eye—

“I have given one loved being up to my country's good. Russia took my husband from me, and I could ill afford now to lose my son. Yet, rather than one stain should rest upon his name, I would see him dead before me. O, Ruric, you know whether dishonor would rest upon you were you to refuse this challenge.”

“I will speak plainly, my dear mother,” returned the youth, in a tremulous tone, for his parent's kindness had moved him. “In my soul I should feel perfectly justified in refusing this meeting, for no principle of real honor is at stake. But were I to back out now from this, I should never meet another generous look in Moscow. Every one would point the finger of scorn at me, and the word *coward* would ring always in my ears. It may be a false state of things—I feel that it really is so; but how can I help it? It is the curse of all great military epochs. Battle alone makes heroes, and so all must measure their honor by the force of their arms. The Count carries even now upon his brow the mark of my blow, and all will say he has a right to demand satisfaction; though I know that he provoked the quarrel on purpose. I cannot refuse him on the ground of station, for he is above me in that. I must meet him.”

“Then,” said the mother, in a low, calm tone, but with much effort, “you shall not feel that your mother would thwart your design. If your own good judgment says, go—then go. If they bring your body to me in the stern grasp of death, I shall bow with submission, and such resignation as I can, to the cruel blow. If you come back to me alive I shall thank God that you are spared; but alas! the joy will be clouded with the thought of blood upon your hands, and the knowledge that my joy is another's grief.”

“No, no, my mother,” cried Ruric, quickly and earnestly. “I will not have a fellow being's blood upon my hand, if I can avoid it. Only to save my own life will I take his. He has done all this himself—all—all. The quarrel was his own, and the first blow was his. The challenge is his, and now is not the responsibility his also?”

“It is, my son, so far as he alone is concerned. If you have a responsibility it must be to your own soul. But tell me—has not the Emperor made some law touching this practice of duelling?”

“Yes—but only the challenger is responsible. The party challenged is held free from blame in the eyes of the law.”

“Then I shall interpose no more objections,” said the mother. She tried to speak hopefully, but she could not hide the fearful sadness of her heart. “Could fervent prayer avert the blow it should not fall; but I can only pray as one without power.”

A long time after this was passed in silence. Both the mother and son seemed to have something upon their minds which they wished to say, but dared not. But the former at length overcame her reluctance.

“Ruric,” my son, she said, keeping back the tears that struggled for utterance in their silent speech, “is there any little word you would leave?—any matter of moment——”

“No, no,” the boy answered, speaking calmly by effort. “I am yours, and all is yours. But I shall not fall.”

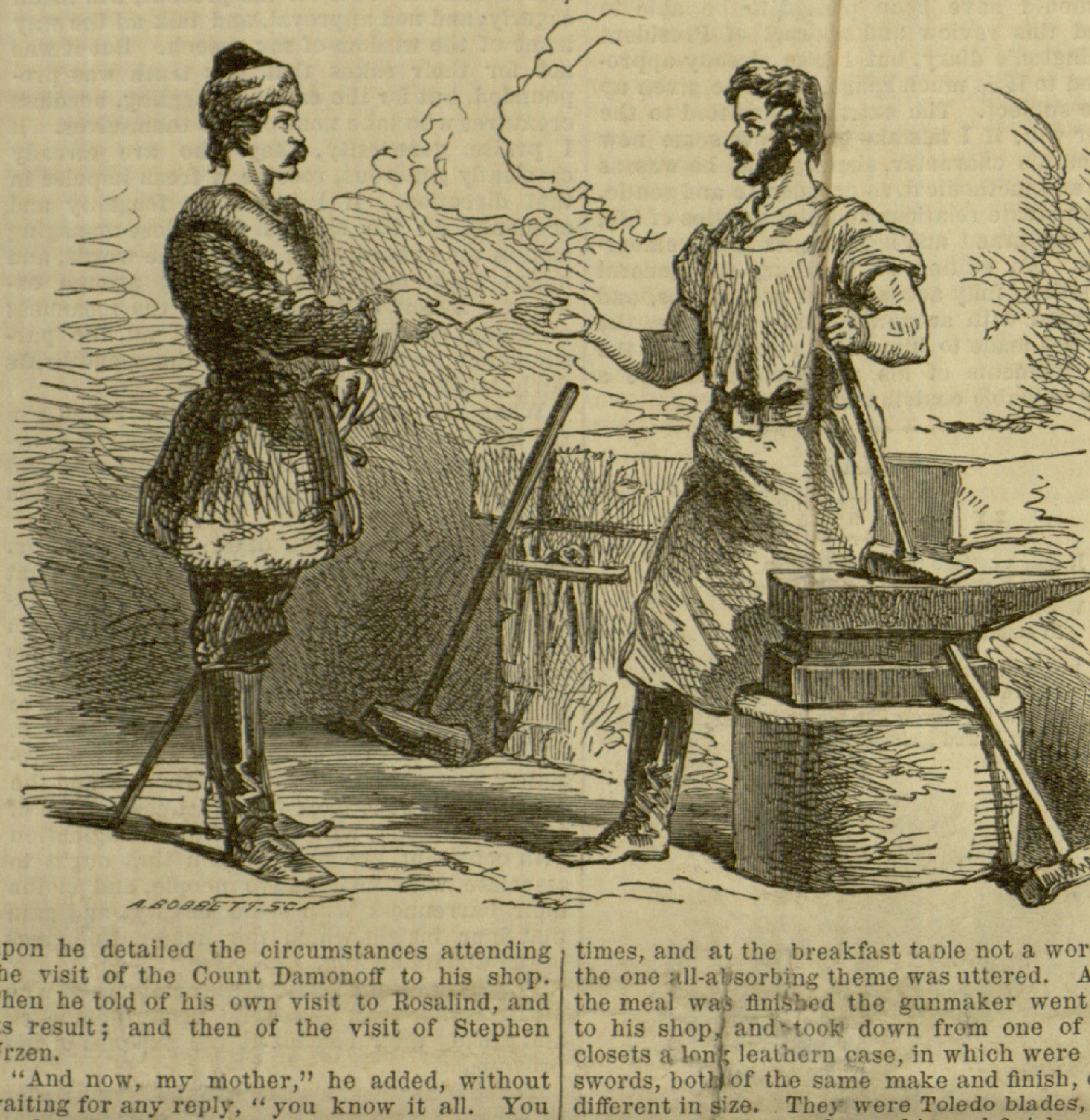
“Ah—be not too confident, my son. Let no such assurance lead you to forget your God. I have heard of this Count. It was he who slew Rutger; and Momjako, too, he slew in the duel. He is an expert swordsman, and surely means to kill you if he can.”

“I am aware of that, my mother. But do you not know that we are all prone to overlook our own powers when wondering upon the feats of others! I may be pardoned for assuring you that the only man who has ever yet overcome the Count at the sword-play was one of my own scholars. While in Spain I practised with some of the best swordsmen in the kingdom.——But listen: I will send one word. For yourself I can tell you nothing which you do not know; but yet you may see Rosalind. If you do, tell her—But you know my soul. You can tell her as you please.—But I shall not fall.”

It was now late, and ere long Ruric kissed his mother, and then retired to his bed.

And the widow was left alone. With her eyes she followed the retreating form of her beloved son, and when he was gone from her sight she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. When she reached her humble couch, she knelt by the side thereof, and poured forth her pent up soul to God. When her head had pressed the pillow she tried to hope—she tried to fasten one hope in her mind; but she looked only into the Night. Not one ray of light reached her struggling soul. She opened her eyes of promise in vain—for she looked into a gloom so utter that out of its depths loomed only the blackness of Despair.

Sleep on, Ruric. But oh! could'st thou know how thy fond mother's heart is racked, there'd be no sleep for thee!


A. BOBBETT SC.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUEL.

On the following morning Ruric was up betimes, and at the breakfast table not a word of the one all-absorbing theme was uttered. After the meal was finished the gunmaker went out to his shop, and took down from one of the closets a long leathern case, in which were two swords, both of the same make and finish, only different in size. They were Toledo blades, and of most exquisite workmanship and finish. Ruric took out the heaviest one, which was a two-edged weapon, with a cross hilt of heavily gilded metal. He placed the point upon the floor, and then, with all his weight he bent the blade till the pommel touched the point. The lithe steel sprang back to its place with a sharp clang, and the texture was not started. Then he struck the flat of the blade upon the anvil with great force. The ring was sharp and clear, and the weapon remained unharmed.

“By St. Michael, Paul, Moscow does not contain another blade like that. Damascus never saw a better.”

Thus spoke the gunmaker to his boy, as he balanced the beautiful weapon in his hand.

“I think you are right, my master,” the boy returned, who had beheld the trial of the blade with unbounded admiration. “But,” he added, “could you not temper a blade like that?”

“Perhaps, if I had the steel. But I have it not. The steel of these two blades came from India, and was originally in one weapon—a ponderous, two-handed affair, belonging to a Bengal chieftain. The metal possesses all the hardness of the finest razor, with the elasticity of the most subtle spring. My old master at Toledo gave me these as a memento. Were I to mention the sum of money he was once offered for this largest one, you would hardly credit it.”

“How much?” asked Paul, with a boy's curiosity.

“It was a sum equal to about seven hundred ducats.”

“And yet he gave it away.”

“Aye—for its price was but imaginary, while its worth to him was only commensurate with the good it did him. If he told the truth he loved me, and these he gave me as a parting gift, as the best patterns I could wish for when making such.”

After this Ruric put up the smaller sword, and then gave Paul a few directions about the work, promising to be back before night. The faithful boy shook his head dubiously as he heard this promise, but he said nothing, and shortly afterwards Ruric went into the house. Just then Alaric Orsa drove up to the door.

Ruric was all ready but putting on his bonnet and pelisse.—His mother was in the kitchen. He went to her with a smile upon his face. He put his arms about her and drew her to his bosom.

“God bless you, my mother.—I shall come back.” He said this, and then he kissed her.

“God keep—and—”

It was all she could say.

Ruric gazed a moment into her pale face—then he kissed her again—and again he said—

“God bless you, my mother. I shall come back.”

He dared stop to speak no more. Gently seating his fond mother upon a chair, he turned and hurried from the place. In the hall he threw on his pelisse and bonnet, and then he opened the door and passed out.

“Have you a good weapon?” asked Orsa, as the horse started on.

“I have a fair one. I *think* it will not deceive me.”

“I asked,” resumed Orsa, “because Damonoff prides himself upon the weapon he wears. It is a German blade, and he thinks he can cut in twain the blade of any other weapon in Moscow with it.”

“I have a good weapon,” Ruric said, quietly; “and one which has stood more tests than most swords will bear.” And after some further remarks he related the peculiar circumstances attending the making of the sword, and his possession of it.

At length they struck upon the river, and in half an hour more they reached the appointed spot. The day was beautiful. The sun shone brightly upon the glistening snow, and the air was still and calm. The sharp frost of the atmosphere served only to brace the system up, and Ruric threw open his pelisse, that he might breathe more freely. He had been upon the ground but a few minutes when the other party came in sight around the head of the river.

As soon as the Count and his second had arrived, and the horses had been secured, the lieutenant proposed that they should repair to the building which was close at hand. This was a large open boat-house, which was unused and deserted in the winter, and it was proposed to go in there because the reflection of the strong sunlight from the bright snow was calculated to blind and blur the eye.

“Ha! what means that?” exclaimed Orsa, as he saw a sledge just turning the bend of the river with an officer in it.

“It is only a surgeon,” replied Damonoff. “I would not cut a man's flesh without giving him a fair chance to survive it.”

“And then you may find him serviceable to yourself, eh?” suggested the lieutenant.

“Of course. There is no telling what may happen.”

In a moment more the new sledge came up, and Ruric recognized its inmate as an army surgeon whom he had seen before, though he knew not his name.

“Now for the old boat-house,” cried Urzen.

“Aye,” added Damonoff.—“Let us have this business done, for I would be back to dinner. I dine with Olga to-day, and a fair maiden awaits my coming.”

“Notice him not,” whispered Orsa, who walked close by Ruric's side. “That is one of his chief points when engaged in an affair of this kind. He hopes to get you angry, and so unhinge your nerves.”

“Never fear,” answered the gunmaker. “Be sure he only brings new danger to himself, for such efforts will find their point in the muscle of my arm.”

The party halted when they reached the interior of the rough structure, and the Count threw off his pelisse and drew his sword. Ruric followed his example.

“Sir Count,” the latter said, as he moved a step forward, “ere we commence this work I wish all present to understand distinctly how I stand. You have sought this quarrel from the first. Without the least provocation from me you have insulted me most grossly, and this is the climax. So, before God and man, be the result upon your own head.”

“Out, lying knave——”

“Hold,” cried the surgeon, laying his hand heavily upon the Count's arm. “You have no right to speak thus, for you lower yourself when you do it. If you have come to fight, do so honorably.”

An angry reply was upon Damonoff's lips, but he did not speak it. He turned to his antagonist and said,—

“Will you measure weapons, sir? Mine may be a might the longest. I seek no advantage; and I have one here of the same length and weight as my own if you wish it.”

“I am well satisfied as it is,” replied Ruric.

“Then take your ground.——Are you ready?”

“I am!”

The two swords were crossed in an instant, with a clear, sharp clang.

There was some contrast between the two combatants, but not much apparently. The Count was a little the tallest and Ruric was some the heaviest. But to a close observer there was a peculiar contrast in the bearing of the two men. That breast, swelling out so nobly, and those massive shoulders, made for the seat of physical power, were Ruric's alone to possess. Yet Conrad Damonoff was accounted a strong man. In the athletic sports of the club-court he had few superiors, and not many equals. But Ruric Nevel had never shown his strength there.

Now, for the first time that contemptuous look passed from the Count's face. As his eye caught his antagonist's position—as he noticed the calm, dignified, quiet ease of every limb; and as he caught the deep, mystic fire of those expressive eyes, he knew that he had no common amateur to deal with.

At length Conrad Damonoff started back, and a quick cry escaped his lips. His antagonist's point had touched his bosom—it had pressed against his heart, and had not been driven home. Well he knew that his life was his no longer, for the gunmaker had gained it, and—spared it.

“You fence well,” he gasped, struggling to regain his composure.

“*You* are not a novice,” returned Ruric, calmly, at the same time allowing his point to drop.

“Come on,” the Count cried, now gathering all his energies for another effort.

And again the weapons were crossed. This time Damonoff was more guarded. Before he had been impelled by his own assurance; but now he was forced to regard his opponent's power. Ruric quickly found that his foe was more careful than at first, and he carried his own point accordingly. At the twelfth stroke the Count made a feint to the left—then at the throat, and then, with a quick, lightning-like motion, he thrust straight at his antagonist's heart. But his meaning had been read from the first by Ruric. The youth caught the motion of the eye, and he saw that his heart was the place looked to. His own movement was almost instinctive. He received his antagonist's sword midway upon his own blade—then moved his arm quickly forward and caught his enemy's point under his cross-guard;—then, with all his power, he wrenched his arm upward and backward, and the Count's sword went flying across the building. It struck the opposite wall with a dull clang, and on the next instant it was half buried in the snow.

“Fear not, sir,” said Ruric, as the Count started back with both hands raised. “I never strike an unarmed man.”

Damonoff's arms fell to his side, and a deep blush of shame mantled his face.

“By St. Paul,” cried the surgeon, “your life is forfeit, sir Count; and now you should be satisfied.”

“No, no,” the discomfited man exclaimed, starting up with rage and mortification. “That was but a slip. 'Twas a false step—a cowardly feint. I am not yet overcome.”

“But, man of mortality, even now your life is Nevel's. He may run you through now if he chooses.”

“But he has not,” the Count cried, springing to where his sword had fallen, and snatching it up.

“Sir Count,” here spoke Ruric, calmly, but with marked contempt, “you should not blame me for what I have done, for thrice have you tried to break my sword.”

“Then try it again!” Damonoff exclaimed. “Take my sword again if you can.”

“Perhaps not,” our hero retorted. “But be sure your sword shall be used no more after this day.”

“Ha! Brag not, but strike. If you can——”

The conclusion of the sentence was drowned by the clash of steel.

At the second stroke the count made another furious thrust at his antagonist's heart. Ruric sprang quickly aside, and with the whole power of his good right arm he struck Damonoff's blade close to the haft and broke it in twain.

“My other sword! my other sword!” the Count shouted, now blinded by absolute madness. “Oh, give me my other——”

“Hold!” cried both the surgeon and Stephen Urzen in concert. “You are mad, Conrad.”

“Mad!—Oh, I shall be mad! Where is my sword!” the reckless man yelled, casting the bladeless pommel down.

“But will you not listen one——”

“Away, I say! Shall I give up because my sword is broken? By the gods, the weapon deceived me. Where is the other?”

“Deceived thee, Conrad?” repeated the surgeon, sarcastically. “Had thy head but received a hundredth part of that blow, 'twould not be upon thy shoulders now.”

But the Count was beyond all reason. In his madness he saw not that his sword had been broken on purpose. He did not see that he had been at his antagonist's mercy. But his friends saw it all.

“Ha! whom have we here?” cried Alaric, whose eye had caught a dark form at the entrance of the old building.

It was Valdimir the monk.

“How now? What seek ye here?” asked Urzen, as the fat, burly monk waddled towards the party.

“I heard the clash of arms, my son, as I rode by, and I stopped to see what it was. Surely, where the work of death is going on, a child of the church may come.”

“Aye,” cried the Count, “come in welcmoe, but meddle not. Now!—my sword!—where is it?”

Reluctantly Urzen brought forward the second sword, but ere he gave it up he said,—

“Beware, Conrad. You had better——”

“Peace, babbler!” the excited fool hissed, snatching the weapon, and then turning quickly upon the gunmaker.

Thus far Ruric had remained silent, but he felt it his duty to speak now.

“Sir Count,” he said, in a tone so stern and authoritative, and with a look so commanding, that Damonoff was held in abeyance by it, “I must speak one word. You have provoked a quarrel with me—and you have challenged me. I have no fear of death when duty calls for my life, but I would not die thus, nor would I slay a fellow-being thus. Six separate times to-day, since our swords first crossed, have I spared your life.——”

“Liar!”

——“And twice have I had you before me unarmed,” Ruric continued, without noticing the interruption. “I had hoped this would have shown you that I sought not harm to you; and, furthermore, that you were no match for me at this kind of work.”

“Out, fool!” yelled Damonoff, now fairly frothing with rage. “If you dare not cross swords again, say so; but do not crawl off like a coward!”

“One word more,” said Ruric, paling for an instant beneath the unmerciful insult of the senseless tongue that assailed him;—and he stood proudly erect while he spoke,—“before these men here assembled, and before my God, I swear, that thus far I have spared you; but my own life may be the forfeit if I trifle with you more. So now—beware! You have sufficient warning!”

Perhaps the Count really overlooked the facts of which Ruric had spoken. In his ungovernable rage he may have fancied that 'twas only accident that had worked against him. However, he started forward once more, and made a furious lunge at his antagonist.

“Now,” he gasped, “play your best, for my sword's my own!”

But Ruric spoke not. He saw that the Count was stronger than before,—for his rage seemed to give him a maniac's power—and that he was earnest only for life or death. He struck quickly and furiously, and his movements were strange and unprecedented. He threw up all rules of exercise, and cut and thrust only in wild madness. Twice Ruric came nigh being run through. He lost all run of his opponent's play, and quickly saw that he must put a stop to the conflict, or run the risk of leaving a childless mother in his home to see that day's sun sink.

“Will you give o'er?” he asked, as he struck the Count's point down.

“Never! Submit to such as you? Bah!”

A few moments more the conflict lasted. One more opportunity he had at Damonoff's heart—and he spared him. All present saw it save the mad man.

“Fool!” muttered the monk, who trembled from head to foot with excitement, his huge belly shaking like a bag of jelly, “will you throw away your own life, Ruric Nevel? Shall I tell your mother you left her of your own will?”

This mention of his mother drove the last lingering doubt from Ruric's mind. Again he struck the opposing point down, and then he pressed his own point upon the Count's bosom. He avoided the heart—he tried to avoid the vitals,—but he threw his arm forward, and his glittering blade passed through the fool's body. With an expression of pain upon his features he started back, and rested his reeking point upon the trodden snow. The Count came furiously on again, but he struck wildly, and at random; Ruric merely warding off his blows, until finally his arm sank. On the next moment his sword dropped from his nerveless grasp, and he fell fainting back into the arms of his attendants.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE THE EMPEROR.

“Is he dead?” asked Ruric, starting quickly forward.

“Hold, my son,” said the monk, laying his hand upon the young man's arm. “Surely you have nothing to fear. It was none of your work—no more than if you had run your sword to the heart of a wild beast that had attacked you.”

“But I did not touch his heart,” quickly returned the youth. “I was careful of that. I would have struck him upon the head with the flat of my sword, but I feared I might break his skull.”

“He is not dead yet,” answered the surgeon, as Ruric pressed forward and asked the question a second time. “He has only fainted from the shock of the blow coupled with his own fears and passions.”

“But will he die?” Ruric asked, kneeling down by the fallen man's side.

“I cannot yet tell,” the doctor said, at the same time wiping the blood away, which was flowing freely.

“But why not probe the wound now?” suggested the monk. “Now is the best time, for the place is not yet inflamed; and while he is thus insensible he will be free from pain.”

The surgeon at once saw the truth and propriety of this, and he proceeded to act upon the suggestion. Having selected a probe which appeared applicable, he examined the wound. Ruric watched him eagerly, and with a painful expression.

“I do not think this wound is mortal,” the surgeon reported, as he carefully felt his way along the course the steel had taken. “It has passed below the right lung, and only severed some of the smaller blood-vessels. I think, with proper care, he may recover.”

“Thank God!” fervently ejaculated Ruric, with his hands clasped.

“But why so anxious?” asked Urzen. “You were ready enough to accept his challenge.”

“Aye—else you would have called me coward,” answered the gunmaker, with a flashing eye. “Had I refused to meet him, that fatal word would have met me at every turn. I knew that such a man as he was no match for me at any game where strength of arm and sleight of hand were required. So I meant to disarm him, and then give him up his life, believing that such an act would end the combat. You know how I labored to spare him. But I could not. Yet I would not have the life of a fellow-being—a countryman—upon my hands in such a quarrel. My father died fighting for his country—and so would I die if my death must come from the hand of man; but to die thus would be a curse upon my name—and to inflict such death upon another would be a curse in my memory.

"I believe you, my son," the monk said. "Only if the Count dies you should not allow such feelings as you mention to overcome you. In no way are you to blame for this."

"True, father—you speak truly," added the surgeon. "The young man has acted most nobly, and no blame can be attached to him."

Ruric seemed somewhat relieved by these assurances, and having seen the Count's wound dressed, and assisted in bearing the insensible form to the sledge, he took Alaric's proffered arm and proceeded to his own team.

"Who is that monk?" asked the lieutenant as they entered their sledge.

"I only know that he is called Valdimir," replied Ruric. "I have only seen him once before. Have you ever seen him ere this?"

"Yes—several times about our barracks. He has been there when some of our poor fellows have been sick and dying. He seems to be a good-hearted man, and, I should judge, quite intelligent."

"I agree with you there," our hero said. "I think he is a good man; but there is nevertheless a mystery about him which I cannot solve. His countenance is familiar to me, and yet I cannot tell where, nor when, I have seen him."

"Aye," added Alaric, quickly and eagerly; "that is precisely the case with me. I am very sure that I have seen that man under different circumstances. And others of our company have thought the same."

The two men watched the movements of the monk while they thus spoke, and they noticed that he entered his sledge and drove off towards Borodino.

"Ruric," said the lieutenant, after he had ridden some little distance, and at the same time gazing wonderingly into his companion's face, "you handle the sword like a magician. I'd give all I own at this present moment—my commission and all—if I could handle the sword as you can."

"I do understand the weapon passing well," the youth modestly answered; "but I have worked hard to gain the science."

"Ah—'tis not *all* science," the officer added. "That wondrous strength of yours is a host in itself."

"And yet," said Ruric, "I have seen weaker men than myself who would overcome me easily;—or, at least, might overcome me."

"But they were not in this city," suggested Orsa, with a peculiar shake of the head.

"True, Alaric. I am not in the habit of mentioning my own powers; but yet I may say, that there is no man in Moscow who is my superior in the use of any sort of offensive arms."

The lieutenant readily admitted the truth of this, and then the conversation turned upon the subject of the Count, and the course he had pursued with respect to the event which had just transpired. This conversation lasted until they reached the door of Ruric's residence, and having thanked his friend for his kindness, and expressed the hope that at some time he might have opportunity to return some adequate favor, the gunmaker entered the house.

The widow sat in her great chair by the fire, and she was pale and anxious. Her brow was supported by her hands. and at every sound from without she would start up with a frightened expression and listen. At length the sound of bells struck upon her ear—they came nearer and nearer—and they stopped at her door. She would have arisen, but she could not. With her hands clasped she bent eagerly forward, and listened with a frantic interest. Soon the door opened. Surely no one but *him* would enter without knocking. She started to her feet—the inner door opened—a male form stood before her.

"Mother!"

"Ruric!—My boy!—Safe!"

She tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of her noble son, and while she wound her arms tightly about him she murmured her thanks to God.

By and by the widow became more calm, but still there was an earnest, eager look of fear upon her face. Ruric saw it, and he knew well what it meant.

"Mother," he said, "the Count is not dead."

"Nor wounded?" she exclaimed, quickly and eagerly.

"Yes—badly. But listen: I could not help it." And thereupon he related all the circumstances connected with the conflict. When he had concluded his mother pondered a few moments, and then she said,—

"Surely, my son, I will try and suffer nothing from this, even should the wicked man die. In all you acted but upon the defensive. From the first he has only been intent on attacking you; and on the battle-ground he would have killed you if he could."

"Most surely he would, mother. Aye—he would not have hesitated to stab me in the back could he have gained the opportunity. He was mad beyond all self-control, and his eagerness to kill me was only equalled by his chagrin at being overcome by one whom he had hoped easily to conquer."

After this Ruric went to his shop, but Paul manifested no great emotion upon beholding him.

"You seem to take it as a matter of course that I should return alive and well," said the gunmaker, with a smile.

"Why—of course," returned the boy, composedly. "What would a score of such men as he be to you? Conrad Damonoff hold a sword before Ruric Nevel?—No, I only smiled when I heard his challenge. I should have as soon thought of being anxious about your return from a marten hunt."

Ruric smiled at his boy's peculiar eagerness of expression, but he felt a degree of pride in his words, nevertheless.

It was towards the latter part of the afternoon that Ruric was somewhat startled by seeing some of the Imperial guard approaching his house; and ere long afterwards his mother came to him pale and trembling, and informed him that he was wanted by the Emperor's officers.

"Oh!" she groaned, with clasped hands, and tearful eyes, "they will take you from me now."

"Fear not, my mother," the youth confidently replied. "The Emperor will not blame me when he knows all the particulars.—But come—let us go in."

Ruric found the officers—three of them—in the kitchen, and he asked them if they sought him.

"We seek Ruric Nevel, the gunmaker," returned the leader.

"I am the man, sir. May I know what is wanted?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"Why—yes, I suppose it must be on account of the duel which was fought this morning."

"Exactly."

"And who wants me?"

"Who should want you but the Emperor?"

"Oh! they will not take my noble boy from me!" cried Claudia, catching the officer by the arm. "Tell our good Emperor that Russia has taken my husband from me—that he fell in his country's cause. Tell him my boy was not to blame——"

"Hush, mother," interposed Ruric. "Fear not yet."

"Come," said the leader, "it is growing late, and Peter will not brook delay."

"But they will not harm him!" the mother frantically cried, clinging now to her son.

"No, no, my mother. Rest you easy here until I return." And then turning to the guard he added—"Lead on, and I will follow."

"Now rest you easy, my dear mother;" and with these words Ruric gently sat her back into her chair, and then hastened out after the officers. In the entry he put on his bonnet and pelisse, and then followed his conductors out to the street, where stood a double sledge, with two horses attached.

"You seem to look upon the killing of a Russian nobleman as a very small affair," said one of the officers, after they had started on their way.

"Is he dead, then?" Ruric quickly asked.

"The doctors think his case a critical one. But that is not the thing: You would have killed him if you could."

"No, no. It is not so. All who were present will swear that I tried to spare him."

"Very well," returned the officer, "we shall see about that when we come to the palace. Perhaps you may go clear; but, upon my soul, I would not willingly occupy your place."

Ruric cared not to argue the point with those who knew nothing about the circumstances, so he remained silent during the rest of the ride. It was near sundown when they reached the Imperial Palace, and Ruric was conducted at once into the Emperor's presence.

The Emperor Peter was in one of the smaller audience chambers, sitting at a large table covered with purple velvet heavily wrought with gold, and upon either hand stood some of his private attendants. He was a young man, not yet so old as Ruric by some three years, but his face already wore a mature look. His frame was solid, but not large—being rather slight than otherwise in physical bulk. His dress betrayed negligence and carelessness, and was in marked contrast with the rich garbs of his attendants. Such was Peter of Russia—yet a youth—small in frame, and careless of those graces which go to make up the sum of court life; but still able to bear the affairs of a great nation upon his shoulders. Within that head worked a mighty brain, and in that bosom beat a heart thirsting more for the good of Russia than for self or kindred.

Ruric saw Stephen Urzen and the surgeon there; and he also saw the Duke of Tula there. He met the Duke's eye, and a peculiar sensation of fear ran through his mind as he saw the stern, threatening expression that rested upon Olga's face.

"Sire," spoke the leader of those who had conducted the prisoner thither, "Ruric Nevel stands before you."

"Ah," said Peter, casting his eagle eye over the forms before him. "Nevel—advance."

With a bold, yet modest step, Ruric advanced to the table, and with a low bow he awaited the Emperor's pleasure. There was a shudder perceptible in the frames of those who wished the prisoner well, for well they knew their mighty ruler's iron will and sternness of legal purpose.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LESSER EVIL.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

War, bloody and cruel as it is, has yet its advocates. It is "the lesser evil" they say. But what then might the *greater* evil be? What *is* that unimaginable horror which is worse than the wholesale slaughter of man by his fellow man? worse than the sending of tens of thousands of sinful, unprepared souls, swelling with furious passions, and reeking with human blood, into the presence of that holy God who once commanded amid fire and tempest "Thou shalt not kill."

Certainly, if there is any greater evil than war it is well to have it prevented; but Oh! that it should be at such a cost!

Look, sister, at your strong, young brother, just on the verge of manhood. Do you love him? Are you proud of him? Is he not noble and beautiful in your eyes? But how should you like to offer him to the Moloch of war! It might be a fine thing enough to have his manly beauty set off by the gay dress of the soldier. He would look well, no doubt, mounted on a high-spirited battle steed, with arms at his side, and plumes upon his head; but these are not the things to consider. Think, for a moment, of that white brow pressed heavily upon the blood-stained sod; think of those active and graceful limbs stretched stiff and gory amid the heaps of slain; think of those bright, laughing eyes glaring, ghastly and dim, from out the tangled and matted locks of the slaughtered in battle. All this has been the fate of many a brother as young, as noble, as dear as is your own—and how can you surely know that this may not yet be the fate of *your* brother?

Oh! sister, you may well fear and hate the name of war. And, wife, think of him whose arms now encircle you, lying supinely on the earth, his soul going forth from his gashed and bleeding body; think of the true breast where your head is lying, scarred and stabbed and torn by sword and spear and shell, and think of that poor heart beating slowly its dying throbs; think of his gasping breath, his glazing eyes, his dying, unattended agony upon the field both lost and won. You cannot bear it? You refuse to harrow up your feelings by such thoughts. But, lady, if you cannot endure the bare imagination of the thing, how think you that they on whom such fate has fallen have endured the reality? And while war is justified and loved by any, you can not be sure that this untold bitterness will never be *your* portion. While any are left to delight in war sisters must yield their brothers, wives their husbands, and mothers their sons to be butchered on the field of battle.

Not one is safe, nor will be, until through all the world is felt and *practised* the spirit of "good will to man."

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

If true greatness be considered, goodness and greatness are inseparable. A man may be a great conqueror, desolater, and disturber of the world, and yet have no claims to true greatness. Renown is of easier access than pure fame. The fool who fired the Ephesian dome, or that other fool who plunged into Etna to fathom its fiery mysteries, won the "bubble reputation"—and so did Sam Patch. But their methods, uncoupled with usefulness, gave them renown without greatness. Others, all along on the record of time, performing no startling deeds, have, by the goodness of their humble purposes and accomplishments, won the noblest and most enduring fame. It is Socrates who stands higher than Cæsar, and Howard who transcends Bonaparte. The life of quiet good may seem a doubtful or slow path to distinction, but more of the followers of that path are enshrined in the world's heart, than of the plumed warriors who trod the track of battle. Upon calmer review, the world seldom fails to award its fairest laurels to those who have served it best. The desolators have their momentary "pomp and circumstance;" are huzzahed while the fit of blinding admiration or terror is on the spectator multitude, but their memories breed more curses than blessings. And this will be more and more the case, as man progresses in intelligence and virtue. Who by the peaceful, happy hearth-side, reading the history of "Macedonia's Madman *or* the Swede," can feel that either of these—though more renowned conquerors—equalled in greatness the good Gustavus Vasa, or the immortal Washington? As the Infinite greatness is coupled with corresponding love and goodness, so must the highest finite greatness be ever coupled with goodness.

ALICE CRAIG'S MISTAKES;

AND THEIR RESULTS.

BY MRS. MARY VAUGHAN.

Alice Craig married at seventeen. At that age she was a peculiarly simple and child-like girl. She had been bred in the retirement of the country, by a maiden aunt, who, dying when Alice had reached the age of sixteen, had bequeathed to the child a handsome fortune. At her aunt's death Alice returned to the home of her parents, which she had left at the age of three years.

The family consisted of her father, a thoughtless, extravagant man, endowed with remarkable social powers, and living in a circle so much above his own status, in point of wealth, that he was always embarrassed by his efforts to retain his footing among them; her stepmother, who twelve years before had been an exceedingly pretty bride, but was now a faded, hopeless invalid, tyrannized over by several loud-voiced, dirty children that completed the inharmonious household.

Alice was decidedly uncomfortable, though with but a vague knowledge of the cause. And it was by no means wonderful that when her father presented to her a suitor from his own circle—a man skilled in the arts by which men of the world know how to commend themselves to women,—a handsome, polished man, that she should, after a little maidenly reluctance and hesitation, accept the offer so warmly urged.

Her husband, a man many years older than herself, had few tastes in common with her. He was essentially a worldly man, living on the world's applause, his highest standard of right, public opinion. In the early days of his acquaintance with Alice, and of his marriage, her simplicity, her genuine religious faith, possessed for him a piquant charm. This vanished, however, as might have been expected, the moment it interfered with his plans. The standard of right by which Alice guided her life was the Bible—a very different one from her husband's. He looked only to the approval of man. She looked with awe to a higher source, and sought her guidance there.

Mr. Craig was a gentleman; he could not quarrel with a woman. So when there were conflicting views between himself and his wife, he showed his disapproval by contemptuous silence, or by a few severely sarcastic allusions, and then left her to herself.

Alice had never loved her husband. The fountains of her heart had remained unstirred, and though she bore this treatment tearfully, there was not that rankling sting which it would have left in a loving soul. She knew little of life from observation, and at length she came to comfort herself by the idea that the gradual separation of interests, never very firmly united, for they had not been welded at the furnace of love, was inevitable, and an experience common to all.

Thus in all the years of their married life, Mr. Craig went his own worldly way, and Alice trod hers alone, with only her sweet child to soothe and cheer her. Jasper was twelve years of age when a little brother was born to him, to be his delight, and to add to the mother's comfort, under the almost entire alienation of her husband.

Mr. Craig had by this time almost entirely deserted his home, living with a set of dissolute men much younger than himself, who welcomed him, perhaps, more for his reckless expenditure of money, than from any fraternal feeling. Alice had no longer any influence over him. She feared him almost as much as he despised her, and gladly turned to the solace afforded by her children.

Alice was traveling with her children when summoned to the death-bed of her husband. She returned hurriedly, to find the house closed, while in a darkened room the old man lay slowly breathing out his life. He had been stricken down in the midst of his excesses, and now lay, his bloated face surrounded by its fringe of white hair, bereft of its florid hue, and more pallid than the pillow on which it rested. The only words he spoke were a feeble complaint of Alice's absence, no farewell to her, no dying message to his children, no solemn words to reunite, on the verge of the grave, those long-diverging lives. He passed away, and Alice was a widow, but not more in heart than she had been during many years of estrangement.

Alice was happier during the year that followed her husband's death than she had been since she left her childhood's home. But on going into society she unfortunately fell in love with one several years younger than herself.

Alice was still beautiful. She had preserved the child-like innocence of expression that was the index of her unsullied soul, and when she stood at the altar with Lawrence Clephane, the difference in their years was scarcely apparent. Only for the tall youth, with deep sadness on his face, who stood behind her, her son Jasper, no one would have deemed her a woman already within the shadows of middle life.

Alice drank deeply of the cup of joy for a little time. Lawrence Clephane did not weary at once of his bride. He had been flattered by her preference, and had felt it a triumph to win one so universally admired as Alice had been on her re-entrance into society. He had really loved her very much, but not so much that he was not jealous of Jasper's devotion to her, and her own great fondness for her son.

This was the entering wedge of discontent. Lawrence Clephane and Jasper could never be friends. Jasper would not treat the man he looked upon as an intruder, and who was but six years his senior, as a father, and Lawrence was jealous of every caress that passed between this loving son and devoted mother. Too late Alice regretted the hasty step she had taken. She strove diligently to promote peace between the two so deeply loved, but in vain. There were elements of discord beyond her power to tame.

In the strife of feeling and the deep anxiety she suffered, her beauty faded and her health declined. Lawrence Clephane had perhaps seen his mistake before, and had wanted a pretext for desertion. This furnished him with one, and gladly leaving his invalid wife to the society of her sons, he plunged into the vortex of society and dissipation.

Arrived at such a state, things could hardly fail to go from bad to worse. Lawrence Clephane was drawn daily more deeply into the vortex upon whose brink he had set his wandering feet. Alice pined at home, and Jasper nourished his fierce displeasure as he watched her paling cheek, and saw the white strands stealing through her golden curls. And soon, as in her former marriage, Alice found her sole comfort in her sons.

Lawrence Clephane became a confirmed drunkard, and at length only visited his home for the purpose of obtaining those sums of money with which Alice never refused to supply him. It was during one of these visits, some ten years after their marriage, that the terrible event occurred which forms the catastrophe of this brief sketch.

Lawrence, after an absence of many weeks, had suddenly appeared at his home, shabby in attire, and weary and worn from long wanderings, or protracted orgies. He came, as usual, with no words of affection, but with a demand for fresh supplies. Alice was alone. A habitual invalid, she remained now almost constantly in the seclusion of her own apartment. She heard the uncertain footstep of her husband on the stair, and his voice speaking to a servant; and she arose and closed the door between her apartment and that where Edwin, a feeble boy of fifteen, sat reading, that he might not witness the dreaded interview.

By Jasper's advice she had resolved to be less liberal in her supplies to Lawrence Clephane, and to make their continuance conditional on the performance of some business, and more creditable ways of living. And she summoned all her courage for the dreaded ordeal.

Edwin, shuddering in the closed room beyond, heard fierce words from Lawrence Clephane, and his mother's gentler tones, now and then broken by sobs. At length the altercation grew louder on the part of the infuriated man, and the boy could bear it no longer. He entered the room just as Lawrence Clephane lifted his hand to deal a blow upon his wife's pale, uplifted cheek. The sight was too much for the boy, with a ferocity very foreign to his gentle nature, he sprung upon the maddened wretch. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The combatants made their way out of the room, and Jasper Craig, who had been hurriedly summoned from his office by the affrighted servants, entered the hall in time to receive in his arms the senseless form of his brother, which Lawrence Clephane had hurled with giant strength from the landing above.

Hastily transferring his burden to other arms, he rushed up the stairs, and confronted the intruder. He had retreated to his wife's room, and seizing her fiercely by the arm, was ordering her, with the most fearful threats, to comply with his demand for the large sum which was needed then, in some emergency of his vile life, to save him from utter ruin. Thus Jasper found him, and exasperated beyond all power of control, he struck the blow that made him, henceforth, in his own eyes, a murderer. With all the energy of his hate and revenge the young man's clenched hand fell upon Lawrence Clephane's temple; he fell heavily to the ground, and with scarce a parting breath, went to his account.

There was an inquest, of course, and while Mrs. Clephane and her son Edwin, lingered at the gates of death, in consequence of the injuries and excitements of that last fatal scene, Jasper Craig had surrendered himself to abide the decision of the law, to be branded as a felon, or to bear only the stings of unavailing remorse through life, for the deed done in defence of his beloved mother.

Sympathy of the public was all upon his side—he had done a gallant deed, women said, and men, with clenched hands, vowed they would have done no less. And so he was set free, the medical testimony proving a long-standing disease of the heart, and a preternatural excitement of the brain, either of which, through some sudden shock, might have caused the sudden and awful death of Lawrence Clephane.

Alice Clephane never rose from her bed of sickness, but lived scarcely a month after the *death of her husband. And Edwin rose from his only to pace with slow strides*, and by the aid of his attendant, the room which was henceforth to bound his external world. He was lame for life, and that life, though not long preserved, was one of hopeless suffering from the injuries received in his struggle with Lawrence Clephane.

Jasper Craig, justified by all the world, yet bore in his soul the ever-present sting of conscience, branding him a murderer. But for his advice, the terrible collisions of that day would have been avoided. Money might, perhaps, have purchased the perpetual absence of his mother's tormentor, she might still have lived peaceful, if not happy, and Edwin's bounding aspirations, unchecked by his fearful fate, might have led him on to the proudest summit of fame. And thus the sad mistakes of Alice Craig's life, after wasting its fairest flowers of hope, destroying herself, and all but one of those who had mingled in its later scenes, perpetuated themselves in a fearful heritage of regret and remorse that he must bear, faint with the heavy burthen, to the grave which only can set him free.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

When objects are brought too near the eye, we cannot distinguish their just proportions: which we apprehend to be eminently the case with regard to the moral view which we generally take of our servants. We are so much accustomed to consider them relatively to their and our respective situations, in that sophisticated convention termed the social system, that we almost lose the power of contemplating them in the abstract as fellow-creatures, entitled to the same rights as ourselves, according to the primitive constitution, and original intentions of nature; and many there are who look down upon them as an inferior race, expressly created, like the beasts of burthen, that they may perform the drudgery of the upper classes. So deeply is this notion inwoven with the texture of their minds, that men who can divest other matters of their accidents, and look at them elementally, are never startled at the strange anomaly presented by the daily life of a servant. It appears to them part of the established order of nature that beings, often more worthily gifted, both mentally and corporeally, than their masters, should be brought into the world for the use and abuse of an individual whose whole talent is in his pockets; that they should perpetually stand between such a creature and his fastidious wants, render his limbs and faculties almost useless by taking upon themselves the performance of their respective functions; obey his commands by night and day, however capricious and fantastical; brave the stormy elements in his service while he is either ensconced by the fireside, or lolling in his chariot; stand in his presence prepared to render him a silent obedience; and be summoned hastily into it whenever he thinks proper to pull a tassel that is kept suspended by his elbow; or sound a tinkling hemisphere of metal that lies ready upon the table to solicit his listless idleness. This is a strange relationship for one fellow-creature to bear to another; but it is near and familiar, and therefore it excites no wonder. For our part, we would rather be the sufferer than the perpetrator of such heartless arrogance. The fewer our servants, the fewer are the offenses of this nature for which we have to answer.

Choice in Marriage.—Lord Byron used to say that a man ought to marry by all means, although he owned that the greater part of marriages are unhappy. A man cannot be happy without a wife. Yet it is strange what little real liberty of choice can be exercised on most occasions. Many a man, too, fancies he marries by choice, whereas he marries only by compulsion.

Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her; let her own fireside accommodate a scold.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Many classes are always praising the by-gone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak the era of their strength; the sick the season of their vigor; and the disappointed the spring-tide of their hopes! Alas, it is not the times that are changed, but themselves.

"You can't even tell who made the monkey, for all you pretend to know so much," said an impertinent fop to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity. "Yes, I can," said the clergymen. "Well, then, who did make the monkey?" "He who *made you*."

A Yankee recently stepped into an academy up town, and informed the principal that he had dropped in to learn French and navigation that afternoon, as he was going to sail, as mate of a vessel, for the port of Marseilles, in the morning.

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes; many a poor fellow has been *shaved* by them," the wretch replied.

A Yankee being asked how it happened that his sweetheart had given him the mitten, replied: "I was such a fool that I praised her so much she got so proud she wouldn't speak to me!"

"So," (said a young lady to her partner in a dance,) "you would not take me to be twenty! Well, what would you take me for?" "For better or for worse!"

An excellent author says, "if the prospect around you is sad, look upward." But, if a man turn his eyes upward even in the clearest day, will not all look *blue* to him?

A true poet is nearly certain to be abused by savage critics. If, like Prometheus, he steals fire from heaven, he will have more vultures tearing his liver than the brave old giant had.

We hate an author who is dealing eternally in hyperbole. If such an one were a Jupiter, he would never fan a lady's cheek except with a hurricane, or kindle a fire except with a thunder-bolt.

They have a sort of reptile in the torrid zone called the glass-snake. It may be said, however, that glass-snakes are very common outside of that zone. Many a convivial fellow in this region has felt their sting.

We see that the London Punch has actually taken as its own a piece of wit from a village editor in Pennsylvania. This is like Satan's stealing coal from a country blacksmith.

"May I come to see you this evening, Miss?" "No." "To-morrow evening?" "No." "Some time or other?" "No." "Well, you are a young lady of decidedly negative qualities."

Anthony sought happiness in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion—the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction.

Talent never displays itself without making an impression on the feelings of those whom it addresses; if it is not warmly loved, it is hated.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do.

An author, if an inveterate smoker, is exposed to a double danger—puffing himself to death and being puffed to death by others.

A deserted damsel struck her lover with a poker, exclaiming with sobs, "you have broken my heart, and I'll break your head, sir."

A tailor advertises to guarantee his customers "good fits." If he doesn't give them fits by his tailoring, he probably will by his charges.

A graceful manner spoils nothing; it adds to beauty and gives lustre to modesty. An affected simplicity is a refined impostor.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

Many politicians boast that they can't be bought, when they are really so worthless that they can't be sold.

A man had better, like Borgia, never say what he does, than, like Borgia's father, never do what he says.

Health constitutes the happiness of the body; knowledge and virtue that of the mind.

Never travel without a Pocket-Companion. A well-filled pocket-book is the best.

If you are out in a thunder-storm, hurry into an omnibus that has a good conductor.

Men boast of what they have not much oftener than of what they have—and so do women.

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

A governess, in advertising for a situation, says she is "a perfect mistress of her own tongue."

CURRENT ITEMS.

The last number of the Buenos Ayres Tribune received, has an item to the effect that the city of Paris had been blown up by the revolutionists, seven hundred and fifty thousand persons killed, the Louvre entirely destroyed and the Imperial household buried in its ruins. It requires strong "news" to satisfy the remote South-American appetite.

It is said that in a band of gypsies, recently encamped near Indianapolis, Ind., was a beautiful girl of eighteen, whose father, the chief of the tribe, offered her hand and twenty thousand dollars to any respectable man who would marry her. The old rascal would be sure to steal the $20,000 in less than twenty-four hours after he had got his daughter off his hands.

A Texas paper says that a squad of Camanches lately got after a bald-headed white man who was hunting on the San Saba river, and had nearly overtaken him, when his hat blew off and exposed his shining bald pate to their astonished gaze. The savages halted, cried "scalped! scalped!" and stood wondering so long at the phenomenon, that the hunter escaped.

The Legislature of New Hampshire has repealed the act providing for a bounty on crows, it having been discovered that many of the enlightened inhabitants of that State have been in the habit of setting their hens on crows' eggs and presenting the brood for the bounty.

The twin daughters of Abraham Guise of Gettysburgh, Pa., recently died in the 44th year of their age. They had never been separated for a single night during their life—died within a few hours of each other of the same disease (the measles)—and were buried in one grave.

The parents of a young bride recently applied to a court in Indiana to have their daughter divorced from her husband, on the ground that he had promised his mother-in-law a new dress on the consummation of the ceremony, which promise he had refused to fulfill.

A Washington letter-writer says that while sitting in the gallery of the senate chamber, on a recent occasion, and looking down upon the assembled wisdom therein, he counted sixty-four candidates for the presidency.

It is stated that the wife of a notorious forger in Connecticut "shows a true woman's devotion by insisting on sharing her husband's imprisonment, and has taken up her abode in jail with him."

A bright boy, nine years of age, was recently "delivered in good order" at a school in Lanesboro, Mass., whither he had been sent, per Express, from Houston, Texas, having been four weeks on the way.

A hotel in this city recently accommodated seven hundred and thirty-four guests in one night. That number of citizens would constitute a population for a very respectable village.

On recently examining a prison at St. Nicholas Mole (a small town in Hayti), the skeletons of some fifteen hundred prisoners who had been permitted to perish there by the late Emperor Solouque, were found.

The French army has reached the enormous aggregate of six hundred and eighty-two thousand men, all ready for action on short notice. No wonder that Austria is uneasy.

Over sixty grizzly bears were killed lately in Arizona Territory, by a party of settlers who went hunting the varmints. The party was out only four days.

An effort is being made out West to have grand juries abolished as a nuisance. The movement has the sympathies of all the vagabonds in the State.

A correspondent of a Minnesota paper says the ice in the upper Mississippi is twenty-six feet thick—he must have meant inches.

An agent of the British Museum has collected over four hundred different biographies of Washington.

TO THE BOYS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Don't you be afraid, boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
Should call it rude, or wrong.

Keep yourselves good-natured,
And if smiling fails,
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails!

Or the lovely red-rose
Try to hide her flag,
Or the June to smother all
Her robins in a bag!

If they say the teaching
Of nature isn't true,
Get astride the fence, boys,
And answer with a, whew!

I'll tell you what it is, boys,
No water-wheel will spin
Unless you set a whistle
At the head of every pin.

And never kite flew skyward
In triumph like a wing
Without the glad vibration
Of a whistle in the string.

And when the days are vanished
For idleness and play,
'Twill make your labors lighter
To whistle care away.

So don't you be afraid, boys,
In spite of bar and ban,
To whistle—it will help you each
To make an honest man.

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A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The life of the trapper in the Far West, in earlier times, was one of almost constant peril. Setting off alone, or with only a companion or two, into the great, lonely wilderness, whose only denizens were wild beasts and savages, and pursuing an occupation which led him into the wildest and gloomiest retreats among the mountains, he was compelled to be ever on the watch, night and day, to protect his life against foes who often lurked in deep thickets, or behind projecting rocks, awaiting an opportunity to cut him off and carry his scalp and effects in triumph to their barbarous homes. This wild life naturally made the trapper wary, suspicious, and ferocious—a sort of semi-savage; and regarding his rifle as his truest friend, and the Indian as his greatest foe, he took care to keep the former ever by him, and kill the latter whenever opportunity presented.

One of the most daring, and for many years successful, of these mountaineers, was a man by the name of Markhead. He was a finely built, athletic fellow, and was probably as devoid of fear as it is possible for any human being to be and retain the natural instincts of life. There was no personal risk, at one period of his career, that he seemed afraid to venture; and probably the renowned Kit Carson alone excepted, there never was so bold and reckless a hunter, trapper, and guide, who lived so many years to boast of his almost incredible exploits. He managed for a long time to escape with life; though his body and limbs were covered with ugly scars, which told the tale of many deadly conflicts, and how near he had more than once been to the very jaws of death itself.

As a single instance of what he had been known to dare, it is related of him, that, while accompanying Sir William Drummond Stewart in one of his expeditions across the mountains, a half-breed absconded one night with several animals; and Sir William, being greatly vexed and annoyed at the occurrence, remarked that he would give five hundred dollars for the scalp of the thief. Soon after, it was discovered that Markhead was missing; but the next day he rode into camp, with the scalp of the half-breed dangling at the end of his rifle.

Markhead was by profession a trapper, and boldly ventured into every region where he thought he might be most successful in taking the beaver, having no regard whatever to the dangers he would be compelled to encounter in his lonely explorations. On more than one occasion he was himself taken by outlying savages, who were only prevented from immediately dispatching him by their fiendish desire of burning him at the stake; but he always succeeded, sometimes in an almost miraculous manner, in effecting his escape, and always embraced every opportunity of a vindictive revenge upon the hated race.

The Yellow Stone and its numerous branches, from its source among the mountains to its junction with the great and turbid Missouri, was the favorite trapping-ground of this daring individual; and one of his most remarkable adventures in this region of country it is our present purpose to record.

Setting off alone, as was frequently his custom, with his riding-horse, pack-mules, "possibles," "traps," and camp utensils, himself well armed and equipped in mountain style, Markhead penetrated far into the territorial possessions of his savage foes, and at last fixed his camp in a wild, romantic valley, and set about his vocation with the same careless indifference to danger that the angler would cast his line in the tranquil waters about his peaceful home.

Here he remained unmolested for several weeks, and found beaver so plenty as to gladden his heart at the thought of the "glorious time" he would have when he should return to the "rendezvous," that paradise for such mountain men as happen to bring sufficient "peltries" to indulge largely in its luxuries, its games, and its general dissipations.

But going one morning to examine his traps, the gallant mountaineer, to his great annoyance, discovered the fresh print of a moccasin a little distance back from the stream, and the sight so roused his ire, that he at once gave vent to it in a very uncomplimentary apostrophe to an individual he had not yet seen; and using all due caution to guard against a surprise, he continued on down the stream to his different traps, and found, to his great delight, that each one held a prize, in the shape of a plump, fat beaver. Having dispatched the animals, and reset his traps, he cautiously, but proudly, returned to his camp, muttering as he went along:

"The sneaking fool, to come and put his foot into my mess in that way, and think to outwit me! But I'll fix him yit, and every son of an aborigi*nee* that comes with him; for whilst I finds beavers coming in this handsome, and begging to be tuk by a gentleman what appreciates, I'll be dogged ef I'll be druv from my position by all the greasy, copper-colored rascals in North America!"

Markhead spent much of the day in hunting for "Indian sign," but without discovering anything to excite fresh uneasiness. He found a few more moccasin prints, it is true, but evidently made by the same feet; and he came to the conclusion that some stray Indian, perhaps a solitary hunter, had been near his camp and departed—it might be with, and it might be without, the knowledge of a white man being encamped in the vicinity. If the former, and the savage had friends near, he thought it more than likely an attempt would soon be made to waylay and kill him; and if the latter, that he had nothing unusual to fear; but as he could not determine this point satisfactorily, he permitted prudence for once to have entire control over his actions; and he took the trouble to secrete his peltries, lead his animals away to a new grazing spot, and pass the following night in another place himself.

The next morning, Markhead, by a new and roundabout course, went down to his first trap most cautiously, reconnoitering the ground as he neared it; and much pleased was he with himself at having taken this precaution; for right in the very path along which he would otherwise have approached the spot, he now discovered three Indians, crouched down among some bushes behind a projecting rock, patiently awaiting his appearance. By the course he had prudently taken, he had come upon the stream a little below, and consequently behind them; and he now, without being himself perceived, had them in fair range.

"That's the way you painted heathens watch for a white gentleman, is it?" chuckled the trapper, as he slowly and deliberately brought forward his long, unerring rifle, and took a steady aim at the nearest, who nearly covered the one beyond him.

Markhead recollected the old proverb of "killing two birds with one stone," and a grim smile partially relieved the harshness of his vindictive expression as he pulled the trigger. True to its duty, the piece sent forth its leaden messenger, and with such force as to drive the ball clean through the first savage and mortally wound the second. The instant he fired, the daring mountaineer grasped his long knife, and bounded forward with a ferocious yell; while the unharmed Indian, starting as suddenly to his feet, with a wild yell of surprise and terror, darted quickly away, leaving his wounded, floundering, and groaning friends to the mercy of a foe who was never known to spare one of the hated race.

On coming up to the wounded savages, neither of whom was dead, Markhead proceeded to dispatch and scalp them with the same ferocious satisfaction that he would have butchered and skinned two wounded wild beasts; after which he coolly reloaded his rifle, without the least compunction of conscience, and with a self-complacent chuckle at his own caution and triumph.

"Wonder how fur that thar other skeered Injen 'll run afore he stops!" he grinned, as he spurned his dead enemies with his foot, and gathered up, as further trophies of his exploit, the weapons with which they had intended to destroy him. "Thar!" he continued, as he moved away from the dead bodies; "I reckon I'll see to my traps now, without axing no leave of you, whilst you stop here to feed wolves and buzzards, that may be is wanting a breakfast this fine morning."

He then, believing there was no further danger, set off boldly, and somewhat carelessly, down the stream, to visit his traps. As on the preceding day, he found his success had been somewhat remarkable; and, fairly loaded with beaver, he returned toward his camp in fine spirits. On his direct route, was a wild, romantic glen, with steep, high, rocky hills on either hand, and between which dashed, foaming and roaring, a clever mountain stream. He had reached nearly the centre of this valley, and was walking leisurely along, when he was startled by the sharp report of several muskets, instantly followed by the fierce, exultant yells of a small party of savages, who sprung up suddenly from behind different concealments, and darted toward him in a body.

The instant the Indians fired, Markhead felt a sharp twinge in his left arm; and glancing toward it, he perceived the blood streaming through his garments, and knew he was wounded; but finding, on trial, he could use his arm, he gave no further heed to it, and concentrated his every thought upon the saving of his life.

The Indians, some six or eight in number, were now bounding forward to finish their work; and instantly throwing down his beaver, the trapper brought his deadly rifle to bear on the foremost; and he was in the very act of firing, when the latter, perceiving his danger, uttered a short cry of surprise, and dodged behind a tree—an example which his cowardly companions took care to imitate as speedily as possible.

This gave the intrepid hunter a moment to look about him and calculate his chances of escape; and perceiving, on the hill to his left, an opening among the rocks, as it might be the mouth of a cave—and knowing, if he gave his foes time to reload, they could certainly kill him where he stood—he suddenly turned, and dashed across the stream, and up the steep acclivity; his enemies immediately bounding after, with yells of triumph, but being deterred from venturing a too rapid pursuit by a wholesome fear of his deadly rifle, which every now and then was steadily brought to bear upon the nearest.

In this way Markhead reached the point at which he had aimed some considerable distance ahead of his pursuers; and for a few moments he stood and debated with himself, whether he should secrete himself within the opening, which appeared large and deep, or continue his flight over the mountain ridge. He decided on the former, as the readiest means of giving him immediate time for cool and deliberate calculation; and the next moment he disappeared from the sight of his yelling foes; who, fearing his ultimate escape, now sprung up the hill more nimbly and boldly.

The opening, as the trapper had conjectured, was the mouth of a cave of considerable dimensions; and was so guarded, by winding passages among projecting rocks, as to secure to him, from the moment of entering it, a feeling of safety; and darting back a few paces, he ensconced himself behind a sharp angle, and waited for his foes to come up.

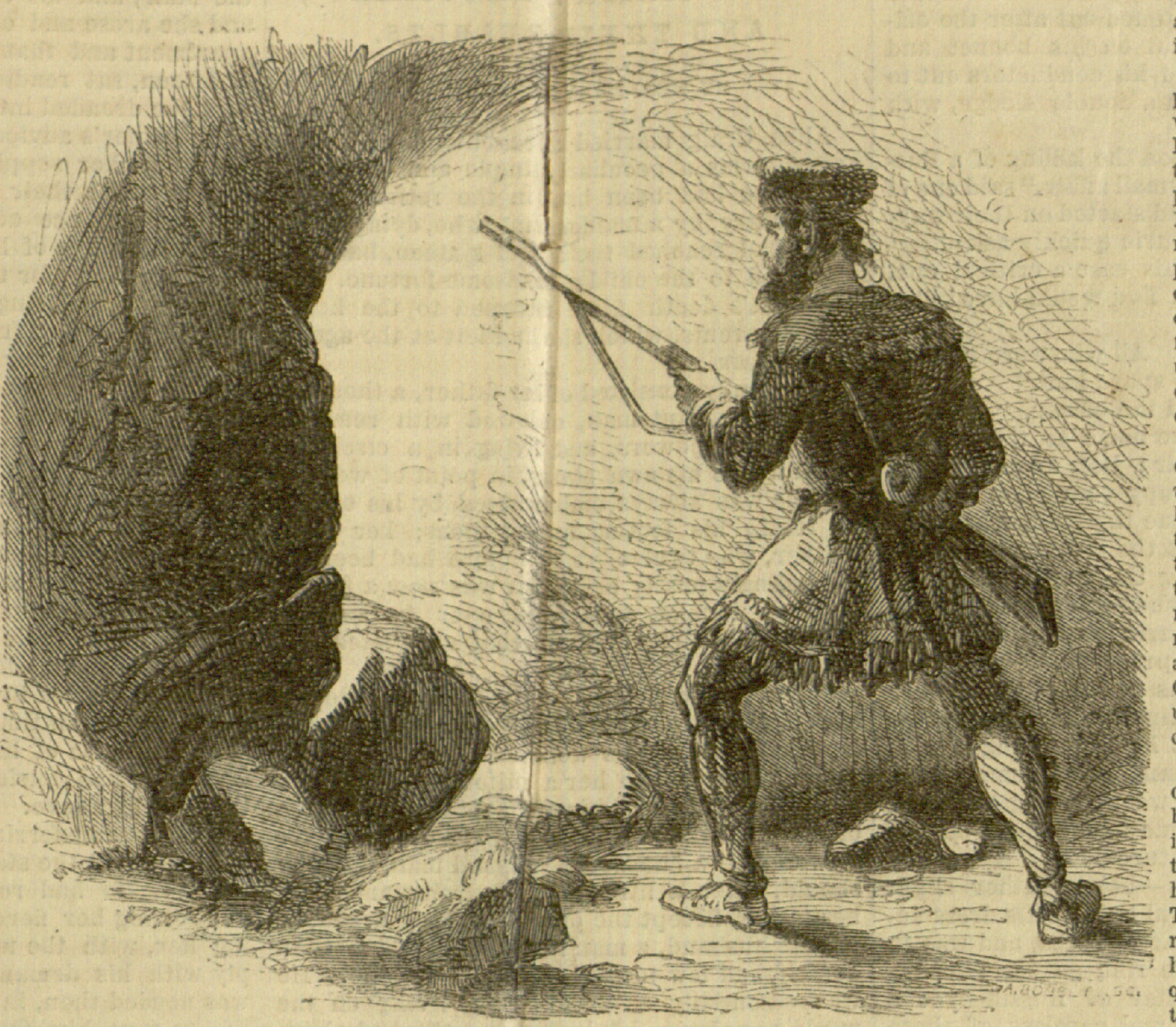
Presently he saw the Indians appear, one after another, at the mouth of the opening, and cautiously peer into the gloom within; but neither seemed possessed of courage sufficient to lead the way to what would probably be certain death to the foremost. From where they stood, the savages could not discern the fugitive, though he could perceive them distinctly; and it required all his self-control to restrain his desire of firing upon them, and trusting the rest to chance.

Soon after, the Indians withdrew from the view of the trapper, and for a few minutes all was silence within and without. He conjectured they were now holding a consultation; and when he thought that his very life might depend upon the result, he could not but feel anxious to have an end put to his suspense by an attack or retreat.

Suddenly, while he was wondering how he should get safely out of his present "scrape," even with the loss of his animals and furs, the mouth of the cave was darkened by several Indians, and lightened by the flash of several muskets, while half a dozen balls flattened themselves against the rocks, and the reports reverberated strangely as the sounds were thrown back from the farthest recesses of his subterranean retreat.

Markhead was untouched by their fire, but enraged at what he considered their audacity; and, with a yell of defiance, he instantly raised his own rifle and poured back its contents. His shot, fortunately, took effect in the breast of a warrior, who fell over, and rolled yelling down the rugged hill, to the great chagrin and dismay of his companions, who made haste to get beyond the reach of so dangerous an enemy.

After this, the savages, though remaining in the vicinity, and keeping a close watch upon the mouth of the cave, to prevent the escape of the prisoner within, took good care to keep out of his sight. And so the day wore away—Markhead fretting and swearing at what he termed his ill-luck, in being "cooped up in sich an infernal hole," but not caring to venture out in the face of almost certain death.



At last, toward night, he was suddenly surprised by seeing a large pile of brush thrown down in front of the cave, and was not slow in comprehending that his foes intended to smoke him out, as he himself had aforetime smoked out some wild beast. This pile was rapidly augmented by fresh combustibles; and in the course of an hour it had become quite formidable—the trapper sitting and watching, and considering which might be the safest proceeding for him: to remain and let them fire it, or attempt an escape by suddenly breaking through it.

"But I'll let the cusses do it," he muttered, at length; "for I can break through arterward as well as now, and night 'll soon be here to kiver me as I run."

Had the savages thought of this plan and acted upon it sooner, the history of the trapper might have ended with that eventful day—for an escape in daylight would have been almost impossible; but fortunately for him they did not set fire to the combustibles till the forest had begun to grow dusky with the advancing shadows of night. The materials they had collected being old, dry brush, ignited like so much tinder; and in a minute after the application of the match, the whole pile was a crackling and roaring flame—the heat and smoke at once penetrating far back into the cavern, and soon rendering it an untenable place.

Seeing the time had come for him to make another desperate effort for his life, Markhead secured his powder-horn in his bosom, wrapped the skirt of his hunting-frock around the lock of his rifle, grasped his knife firmly, drew in his breath for a start, and, concentrating his whole will upon his single purpose, suddenly bounded forth, directly through the scorching flames.

So sudden was his exit from the cavern, that the Indians, though looking for the advent to take place, and standing prepared to fire at and fall upon him with their knives and tomahawks, did not even get their guns to bear till he was half way down the dangerous declivity; and then they had discharged their muskets almost at random, and set yelling after him with a degree of uncertainty and confusion that gave him an additional advantage.

On reaching the bank of the stream, Markhead turned quickly down it, darted into a favoring thicket, thence into the water, and threw himself flat down close up under the overhanging foliage. Here he quietly remained, favored by the fast gathering shades of night, till his enemies, who believed he was still in flight, had run yelling past in fierce pursuit; and then, as they gradually grew more distant, he started up and ran in an opposite direction.

An hour later he had reached in safety the spot where he had deposited his pelts. Gathering up as many as he could carry, he next sought and found his horse, mounted him, and escaped—leaving his mules, traps, and camp utensils as the spoil of his foes.

Three days after this, he boldly revisited the spot, and found the remainder of his furs; but all the rest of his property had been discovered and taken away by the savages. At this Markhead sought relief to his feelings, by what in Western parlance would be termed "some pretty tall swearing," but concluded at last to make the best of what he possessed, and set off to the nearest station to get a new outfit.

That same season, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, Markhead might have been found trapping along the different streams, in the vicinity of his losses and thrilling adventures; and when he repaired to the "rendezvous," in the following autumn, no single trapper could out-count him in peltries, or out-talk him in exploits.

But this man of daring finally met a terrible fate. At the fearful uprising of the treacherous Mexicans, in the Valley of Taos, at the time of the massacre of Governor Bent and other Americans, Markhead, and a companion named Harwood, who had gone thither to exchange some peltries for whiskey, were captured by the blood-thirsty mob, and shot down like dogs.

So perished, in the full vigor of manhood, one of the very bravest, boldest, and most reckless of that hardy and daring little band known as the Trappers of the Far West.

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THE MISERIES OF MEN.—Were we to strip our sufferings of all the aggravations which our ever-busy imaginations heap upon them, of all that our impatience and wilfulness embitters in them, of all that a morbid craving for sympathy induces us to display to others, they would shrink to less than half their bulk, and what remained would be comparatively easy to support.

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A WOMAN OF FASHION.—To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: "Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NEW READER.—To cure yourself of the loathsome and injurious habit of expectoration is worth a struggle. We have heard that keeping a small piece of rock candy in the mouth will help an expectorator to overcome the practice. It is important, also, to keep the digestion good by eating proper things in a proper manner, and, particularly, by not eating too fast. But strive against it in all ways, till you have learned, as Falstaff says, to "live cleanly and like a gentleman."

BRIDGEPORT.—The expression, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" was the title of an article which appeared some years ago in Putnam's Magazine, the object of which was to show that a clergyman named Williams, residing in the North, was the rightful heir to the French throne. The article attracted attention, and the title passed into a saying.

PRINTER.—The first book ever printed in the English language was entitled "Recueil of the Histories of Troy." It was translated from the French and printed by William Caxton, in 1417. Caxton began life as a mercer's apprentice. The first printing press was similar to a common cheese press, with a contrivance for sliding the forms under. The first types used in England were made of pewter, very soft and easily defaced.

JOHN wants to know if it will do, when he is out in a shower, *with* an umbrella, and meets a lady hurrying home *without* one, to offer her his. It is not customary to do so, when the parties are unacquainted; but if respectfully offered, we know not why John shouldn't do such a kindness if he feels inclined. Of course, everything depends upon the manner in which the offer is made, in such a case.

J. F. B.—This correspondent offers a problem for the "LEDGER boys:" A man starts from Washington to Pittsburgh, the distance being sixty miles. He goes half the distance the first day. The second day he goes half the remaining distance, and so on, halving the distance daily. The questions are: Will he eyer get to Pittsburgh? and, if he will, in how many days?

J. N.—Your question, considering the present fashions and tastes of men, is one of profound importance. It is a matter of fact that a large portion of mankind, including many very respectable and worthy gentlemen, are addicted to, and determined to wear, moustaches. Even married men, with grown-up children, can, with truth, be said to be *wedded* to the moustache. This being the case, when a man's lawful wife declares and maintains, as yours has done, that she "will not kiss him, or allow him to kiss her, so long as he wears that odious moustache," and actually carries her determination into practical effect, as yours has done, we think the "complication" is a serious one. Having learned from books and other sources something of the obstinacy of woman, and the pertinacity with which she clings to a pet idea, we do not hesitate to say that your moustache is doomed; inasmuch as the melancholy undertone of your letter assures us that you seriously feel the deprivation of conjugal caresses to which you have been subjected. Therefore, O "J. N.," buy yourself a razor and sharpen the same, reap the hirsute harvest of your lip, and lay the moustache of your middle age a willing sacrifice upon your wife's dressing-table, and see if she does not put something in its place that will taste a great deal better.

ACTOR.—We do not desire to speak ill of the members of the dramatic profession, but we cannot advise any young man to choose that profession, nor do we believe that respectable actors, who know what the stage is better than we do, would recommend any one in whose welfare they took an interest, to seek it as a vocation for life. The life of an actor is usually one of excessive toil, constant excitement, great vicissitudes, powerful temptations, and small emolument. It is a life of hope deferred that makes the heart sick Better hoe corn all your days

COLUMBIA.—We do not know any cure for what are called "bow-legs." You should not permit yourself to be annoyed by the jeers of your companions in regard to the shape of your nether limbs. Cultivate your mind to such an extent that no one when hearing you talk will ever think of them; or, if your mischievous friends will sneer, let your bow-legs, like a parenthesis, enclose all their unconsequential remarks, and keep them from rising to the region of consciousness.

N. B.—This correspondent desires to know whether, if a person were challenged to fight a duel, and he should accept the challenge, and select FISTS as the weapon, the challenger would be bound to fight. The code of honor, so called, does not recognize those natural means of defense, we believe. But the code of good sense does. If two people are foolish enough to fight at all, they cannot do better than "have it out" in the old-fashioned way, with nature's own fighting contrivance.

LUCINDA tells us a sad story about her making home bright as possible for a husband, who seldom returns to spend his evenings there, but prefers going to balls and parties instead. If a man has ceased loving a good wife and children merely from love of change and dissipation, we suppose she must bear it, as many other heart-broken wives have done before her, with such brutes for husbands. She has our sincerest sympathy.

JHOMAS JONES asks if a young man is seated in a pew beside a lady and others wish to enter, if it is improper for him to retain his seat beside her, instead of passing out till they have seated themselves. This we believe is a disputed point. We think the course that would make the *least disturbance* in church, the best; therefore we say, keep your seat, Thomas, and let them seat themselves next you.

AMOR.—We are sorry for your love-disappointment and yet you must know as well as ourselves that it is impossible to *force* the affections If the young lady you speak of will not marry you, your ardent love for her should be the reason which should deter you from bringing upon yourself a greater misery than you now complain of—viz., an uncongenial marriage.

BASHFUL MAN.—There is but one way in which a bashful man can learn to face an audience and speak with self-possession; and that is *practice*. Embrace all suitable opportunities of public speaking. Prepare yourself well beforehand. Speak deliberately. In a short time you will find yourself gaining confidence.

LEONORA.—We are so much opposed to the modern mode of seeking divorces without adequate cause, that we must decline giving any information on the subject. If you *will* proceed in that bad business, you must find advice elsewhere.

SUSAN asks us if it is improper for a lady to stand outside of a ferry-boat, instead of taking a seat in the ladies' cabin. Certainly not; if we should see her there, we should merely conclude that she had the good sense to prefer fresh air to foul.

BACKWOODSMAN.—A gentleman who escorts a lady to a ball is not bound to dance with her the whole evening, but he is bound to do his best to provide her with suitable partners, and to promote her enjoyment in all proper ways.

J. G. E.—The middle letter in the word "Forçats" is a letter c with a comma underneath it, which signifies that the c is to be sounded like *s*. It is a French letter, and compositors in English and American printing offices usually use an inverted figure 5 to represent it.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS.—We can not tell you the precise motives which governed Alexander the Great, as we were not in his confidence. Unfortunately for him, the LEDGER was not published in his day.

YORIC.—You should not have answered your father disrespectfully. The fact that you knew he was wrong and yourself right, made no difference. A son should always treat his father with courtesy.

JAMES.—The word "fag" is seldom used in this country. In large English schools, the younger boys wait upon and obey the older ones, and are called *fags*. Hence the word "fagging," as used in some books.

STANFORD.—There is no way of computing the longitude at sea when the sun is not visible, except by ascertaining the distance sailed since the last observation.

UNDECIDED.—Intermarriage with a second cousin is not objectionable, we believe, unless the *kinship* is more strongly marked than is usual in such distant relations.

AMANDA GAY.—The story upon which the drama of Jessie Brown was founded, was the fiction of a newspaper correspondent. There was scarcely any truth in it.

E. B. L.—The best way to get out of an unpleasant dilemma is to "own up," ask pardon all round, and then let the matter rest.

J. N. O., Jr.—If you do not know the name of the vessel in which your brother sailed, there is no way of finding it out, that we know of.

GEORGE.—The origin of the game of chess is involved in much obscurity. An old legend (which is pretty generally accepted because there is nothing better) says that several hundred years prior to the Christian era, India was for many years ruled by a most outrageous tyrant; that during his reign, a learned Brahmin, who felt much compassion for the suffering people, cast about for some means to give the king a lesson and show him that without the support of his officers and subjects he was utterly powerless, and for that purpose invented chess and taught the game to the tyrant, whose principal adviser he was. The king saw the lesson conveyed by the game, and it had the desired effect upon him. To show his gratitude he told the Brahmin he would give him anything he might ask for which it was in his power to bestow. The Brahmin thereupon resolved to teach the monarch another lesson; and so, with much humility, he replied that he would only ask to have one grain of wheat placed upon the first square of the chess-board, two grains upon the second, four grains upon the third, eight grains upon the fourth, and so on, doubling up to the sixty-fourth. The king at once said he should be gratified, and ordered his attendants to bring in the wheat and place the grains upon the squares. They went at work, but soon found that there was not wheat enough in the kingdom to furnish the requisite quantity or even a ten thousandth part of it. This taught the king to be careful how he made promises concerning things of which he was ignorant.

AN INDIANIAN inquires concerntng *tenant houses*, about which he often sees so much fault-finding in the city papers. We will try and enlighten him. A "tenant house" is a building built and used on the principle of getting the greatest possible rent for the poorest possible accommodations. It is a miserable edifice, cheaply constructed, badly ventilated, and filled with many more human beings than ought to be allowed to live in one dwelling. Sometimes as many as sixty or eighty persons will be huddled together in one of these tenant houses that does not afford decent accommodations for more than ten people. Of course, those who live in such places are very poor; and yet they have to pay exorbitant rents. For a room ten feet square, as much as fifty dollars a year is sometimes asked; and the rent has to be paid monthly or weekly in advance. The misery and disease engendered in these vile dens are utterly appalling. The landlords employ what are called "middle-men" to collect the rents, who are generally hardhearted and sometimes ruffianly in their treatment of the tenants.

DISHEARTENED.—No wonder that you are discontented and unhappy. Any man who seeks for happiness away from home will not find it. Man's first human duty is to do all he can to secure the well-being of his own family; and if he neglect this duty, he will be punished therefor. It is useless for you to attempt to gloss over your shortcomings, or to lull your conscience to sleep, with your sophistical arguments about "superior attractions," the "gravitation of the affections," the "positive and negative poles of the soul," and other such nonsense. The fact is, you are evidently a lazy, selfish and unprincipled fellow, who ought to be soundly flogged morning and evening, and turned out to work during the day, with a ball and chain attached to your ankle.

A. B. J.—Unless it be stated on a bill that the same is paid or settled, or unless it be receipted, it will not be evidence of payment; and even then it will be only *prima facie* evidence, which may be contradicted and overthrown. Suppose a man should receipt a bill and send it by a messenger to the debtor for payment, who should not pay it, and yet keep it in his possession. You will at once perceive that, in case of a suit at law for the amount involved, the mere production of the receipted bill would not be permitted to dispose of the suit in favor of the debtor. All the facts of the case would be elicted, and then the receipted bill would be no evidence of payment whatever.

FLORA.—There are many stages of love. Some practical old sage, who doubtless had much experience in such matters, catalogued them as follows: At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves. This arrangement is for men only. The girls' loves, in variety and mystery, are too much for the wisdom of the wisest person connected with the LEDGER to classify; even the man "who keeps his eyes and ears open" would, we think, fail in such an undertaking.

SCHOOLMASTER.—You have not got on the right track, and will not find much philological treasure or truth in the direction you are traveling. You must, if possible, get at the original causes of words—the human necessities which evolved them. There are great truths and principles underlying all language; also laws of lingual growth and development, change and decay, which the student of philology must understand before he can make much progress in his pursuits. You can obtain, at the leading bookstores, such philological works as will put you on the right track.

X. GLORIA asks if it is morally right when an engagement with a lady has been broken off, for the gentleman to marry another lady while the affection of his ex-affianced still exists. We think no man should marry a woman whom he knows he cannot love, how much soever she may love him. We think, also, a man should know his own mind before he engages himself to a lady; and we think if we were a woman we should not care to marry a man who had served another lady so shabby a trick by his indecision and precipitancy.

DUNBLANE.—You will do a very unwise thing if you marry a man twelve years younger than yourself. When he arrives at the age of forty-five, the prime of a healthy and vigorous man's life, you will be fifty-seven—an old woman! Just think of it. All the nonsense he now so mellifluously pours into your greedy ear about "loves equalizing all disparities," the "soul's never growing old," &c., &c., will fade away before your gray head and wrinkled face, even if they last (which we very much doubt) until wrinkles and gray hairs shall come.

REUBEN.—Your teacher is right in maintaining that there is a difference in the meanings of the words factious and seditious. *Factious* is applied to characterize the *tempers* of men; *seditious* characterizes their conduct. We say a *factious* man; a *seditious* rabble. A *factious* man wants to elevate himself, to become a leader, a law-maker; a *seditious* man incites others to rebellion, to tumult, and is a law-breaker.

T. B. G.—You say a gentleman came to spend the evening at your house in a pair of light-colored pants that were so disgustingly dirty, that you could not bear to sit near him, and that you were in a perspiration all the evening for fear some visitor would call and see the unclean brute. The next time he calls send him word you are engaged, and continue to do so till he learns that neatness is indispensable, at least in a *lady's parlor*.

S. P.—You had better decline all offers the acceptance of which will involve the necessity of performing duties concerning the propriety of which you have serious doubts. Never do an act that you think *may* be wrong. If you doubt its propriety, don't do it. Always give the *right* the benefit of the doubt, and then you will avoid error and crime.

B.—As you promised the young lady that you would marry her, the law will hold you to the agreement, and if you do not keep it the law will make you pay a penalty for breaking the bargain. As the young lady has your love letters, she will probably have no difficulty in making out her case against you; and juries are very liberal towards distressed and wronged damsels.

ECONOMY.—We do not publish a political paper, and decline your invitation to "pitch into" any party for governmental extravagance. You had better start a paper of your own, and then you can do your own "pitching in"—for a short time.

SUSAN says a gentleman acquaintance is in the habit of asking all sorts of impertinent questions about her family affairs. Tell him it is none of his business. Such men should have bludgeon answers; nothing else will quench them effectually.

B. G.—We should not advise any "inexperienced player on the violin" to come to New York for the purpose of getting an engagement in an orchestra. You probably could not even *read* the manuscript score of the music that would often be placed before you, much less play it.

KATE.—We do not believe in the right of any parent to coerce a daughter into a marriage that is repugnant to her, any more than we believe in a daughter running away from her parents, to throw herself into the arms of a comparative stranger.

ALICE MAY.—Our opinion is that it must be a queer kind of broken heart to be healed by money. Suing for breach of promise is not often done where a woman truly loves. *Real* affection seeks no such compensation or publicity.

J. D. C.—You say a young man whom you dislike insists upon calling you by your nick-name, although you formally address him in conversation as "Mr." All you have to do, then, is to "cut" him for ungentlemanly ways.

JONAS.—There are sixty-six members of the United States Senate, and two hundred and thirty-seven members of the House of Representatives. They each receive three thousand dollars a year, besides mileage.

SAMUEL.—Do not accept the challenge. In this State, dueling is a penitentiary offence. Hand the hostile note over to the district attorney of your county.

E. H.—It would not be *wrong* for you to ask the young lady for her hand; you must be your own judge as to whether it would be judicious or not.

J. C. McM.—The name of the Mexican province of Chihuahua is pronounced *Chee-waw-waw*.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*